Sissy Spacek / Brutality Chic / Ed Sadlowski

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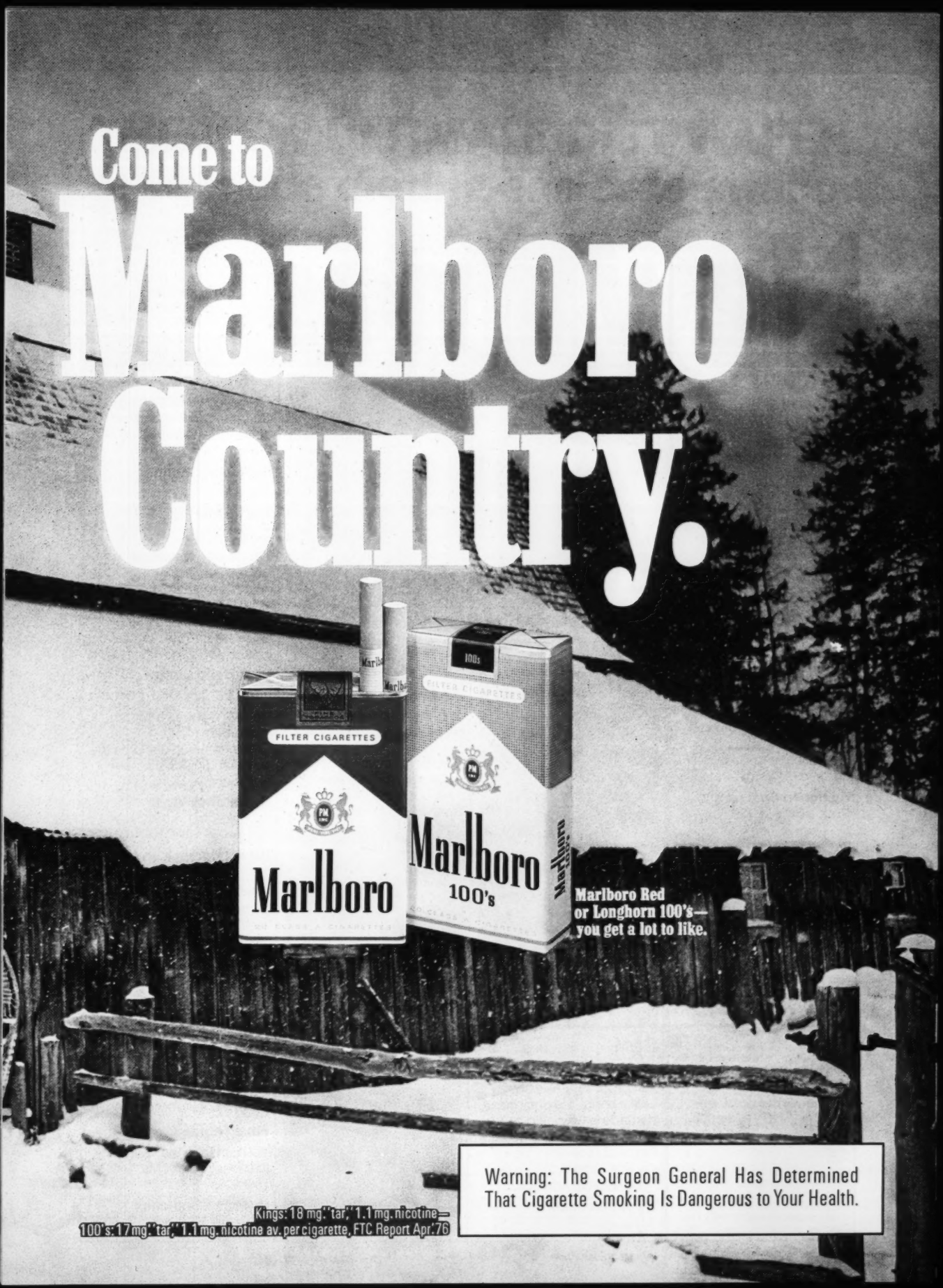
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times®

AN AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH: THE LAST DAYS OF GARY GILMORE

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON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VOLUME 8, NUMBER 3

New Times

Death in Zion

High in the mountains of Utah, people waited: the press and the movie men for their story; the Mormon townspeople for retribution; and Gary Gilmore for his death.

By Robert Sam Anson
Page 20

COVER
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Man of steel

By running for the presidency of the nation's largest industrial union, Ed Sadlowski is not only challenging the traditional leadership—he is also tackling the Archie Bunker stereotype: "These guys in the mills can do anything," he says. "The only thing the workingman doesn't have nowadays is enough leisure time to grow."

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S&M

Radical chic was one thing, but "brutality chic"? Like it or not, the doctrine of de Sade is whipping its way—via films, fashion and the bedroom—into the consciousness of middle-class America.

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An American primitive

A pulp horror film is not the usual vehicle for a new star. But then Sissy Spacek, of *Carrie* renown, is not your usual star.

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THE NEW ULTIMATE DIET WAFER. We've made dieting easier to swallow.

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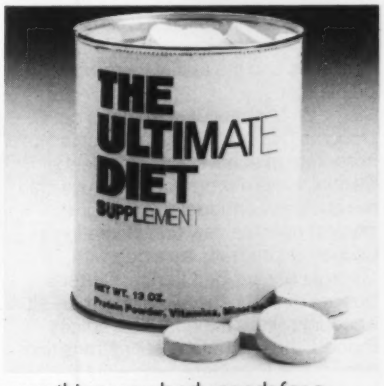

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Party Lines

Democratic presidents, Republican economics / By Robert Shrum

One day in December, Jimmy Carter was sitting with a small circle of Democratic senators in Blair House, just five weeks and the width of Pennsylvania Avenue away from the White House. Pro forma, he asked his visitors for their advice about the uses of his power-to-be. A new, very junior senator from Maryland cleared his throat and started in. Paul Sarbanes was worried. From what he was hearing on the news, it seemed as though an old story was in the process of being retold: a Democrat wins the presidency, but business-as-usual prevails in economic policy. The Republicans, noted Sarbanes, already had the Federal Reserve Board and monetary affairs, which would continue to be run, conservatively, by Eisenhower-Nixon economics tutor Arthur Burns. Despite business' cries of wolf about Carter, he should not don the sheep's clothing of another C. Douglas Dillon, John Kennedy's Republican treasury secretary from Wall Street. If the Democratic party stood for any goal beyond political success, Sarbanes urged, it had to be full employment.

Carter said he understood. He had made his Treasury pick already, though he had not announced the person yet. "The man is a Democrat," Carter confided. He was sure that Sarbanes and the rest of them would be pleased.

W. Michael Blumenthal is not C. Douglas Dillon—but he has been a corporate executive, the president of Bendix. He is a progressive—but within the business orthodoxy. And in the contest over the new administration's economic program, he sided with Georgia banker Bert Lance, Carter's budget director: the two of them, by all accounts, were the dominant voices. Indeed, throughout the entire transition period, the President, who would not have been elected without the liberal unions, heard out only one of their leaders, UAW's Leonard Woodcock. Carter was listening hard to Lance's and Blumenthal's warnings that business feared him: economic moderation was essential to reassure the financial community.

The resulting economic package, a stimulus of $12–16 billion this year, represents less than 1 percent of the gross national product—just half the size of the Kennedy-Johnson tax cut of 1964, despite the fact unemployment is 50 percent higher now than it was then. Charles Schultze, the new chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, approved this minimal prescription because he feared the trade-off between rates of inflation and employment. More stimulus might mean increased prices as well as decreased joblessness, especially since Carter had sworn off his campaign promise of selective wage and price restraints. Such talk, Lance had persuaded him, also scared business.

So Jimmy Carter adopted Richard Nixon's economic assumptions. In 1969, with unemployment barely above 3 percent and inflation near 5 percent, Nixon deliberately slowed economic growth as a means of stabilizing prices. Two years later, one side of the equation had computed: unemployment was at 6 percent. But so was inflation. Nixon then reluctantly imposed controls, as a reelection device, abandoning them helter-skelter in 1973. "The Nixon experience proved that a price and wage policy can work," says Boston University economist William Spring. "Especially where the controls were intelligently designed and administered, they were effective. If the rest of the program had been handled as well, it would not have given the policy a bad name." A Brookings Institution study edited by Carter's own Schultze concludes that "a guidepost program could be helpful."

All of this raises an obvious question: is the business community irrational? Why resist wage and price restraints that would permit more expansion, fuller employment, faster growth and presumably higher sales and profits? The answer is that the corporate system no longer functions the old way. Business' near-absolute power over pricing has turned Adam Smith over in his grave. Spring explains: "Falling demand is a crude, even counterproductive weapon against inflation. Corporations can anticipate inflation by pushing up prices in a noncompetitive marketplace. They can raise prices and preserve or expand profits on declining sales." Repeatedly in recent years the *Wall Street Journal* has reported the "success" stories of companies operating in this way, against the grain of classical economics.

This situation provides an additional bonus for business—fewer labor troubles and less worker demands in a slack job market. Only 20 percent of the American work force is unionized and that percentage is dropping. Across the bargaining table most corporations face no organization, just individual employees who have to take it because they can't leave it for other, nonexistent jobs. Even the unions are easier to deal with. A steel executive in Pittsburgh privately

RAY ELLIS/PHOTO RESEARCHERS

The long unemployment lines: "It's good for labor discipline"

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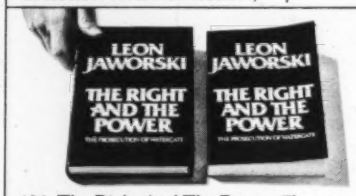

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gloats: "There is very little unrest now; unemployment is good for labor discipline." And for pay negotiations, a Brookings study found that real wages have lagged behind inflation through the 1970s.

But deciphering the motives of business does not resolve the other obvious question: why does Jimmy Carter feel compelled to heed business' conception of economic wisdom? Because conventional prudence holds a loss of business confidence will reduce investment. It is a form of blackmail at least as old as the New Deal, when a "capital strike" against Roosevelt's "radicalism" triggered in part the 1937 recession. Of course, no president ventures outside the realms of political good sense to the economic common sense that the government could tax excess profits or retained earnings and provide the needed investment through the public

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Blumenthal: A progressive—within the business orthodoxy

sector. Not even the oil companies have provoked so Galbraithian a remedy.

Even in allocating federal revenues, money that is already public, the Carter economic package favors private consumption over social priorities. Lance, Blumenthal and Schultze recommended only token public jobs in a program almost entirely of tax cuts. Liberal Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall won a small victory when Carter agreed to devote one billion of the package's $12–16 billion for 1977 to public service employment. Pressure from Democratic congressional leaders doubled the figure and next year it will double or triple again. But still two-thirds to three-quarters of the total stimulus will come as tax cuts, despite the fact the Congressional Budget Office insists that tax cuts "rank low in jobs created per billion dollars of revenue lost."

Tax cuts do rank higher if the policy is to redistribute income—*upwards*. A sixth of society, 35 million Americans, get no benefit from reductions in the taxes: they are too poor to pay. But as a consequence of habitual tax cutting, the corporate share of the federal tax burden declined from 35 to 30 percent during the 1960s. The poor, who are with us now in numbers greater than in 1968, and the economically average, who are relatively worse-off, make up the difference in foregone programs. One reason Jimmy Carter can't find the money for welfare reform and national health insurance is the succession of five tax cuts since 1964. The revenue lost to date exceeds a staggering $300 billion. And, with a type of reverse Robin Hood logic, Carter has decided part of the cost of the tax cuts will be paid by a $2 billion cut in domestic spending in 1978. (Not defense spending—Harold Brown and Jody Powell have already spirited away the promised 5 to 7 percent cut in a cloud of semantics.)

The new Carter recycling of the old economics disturbs some of his advisers. Privately, one Mondale aide hopes that this economic plan does not represent "the real Carter. It's a program for the first year to satisfy business. Then Carter will be activist, will go for economic change." But those who waited through the campaign for the real (liberal) Jimmy to come out after the election are starting to feel like they are waiting for Godot. One northeastern senator sees only bad portents in Bert Lance's influence: "He's a conservative Republican banker—except that in the South they call them Democratic bankers."

In fairness, the problem is not just Lance, or Blumenthal, or Carter. In 1936, at the high tide of the New Deal, FDR gloried that in his first administration the forces of privilege had "met their match"—and that in his second term, they would meet "their master." That glory proved to be mostly a dream. Following the "capital strike" and the recession of 1937, Roosevelt gave up the ghost of fundamental reform. Never since has a Democrat in the White House been a consistent match for business power, which more often has been master of the national economy. The 1964 Kennedy-Johnson tax cut was an expedient recognition of business' opposition to priming the pump through domestic spending. Now, 16 years after the inauguration of Kennedy, the economic policy of the new Democratic president cruelly paraphrases the most famous line of that earlier inaugural address. In effect, Jimmy Carter has told only the poor and the jobless to ask what they can do for their country. ●

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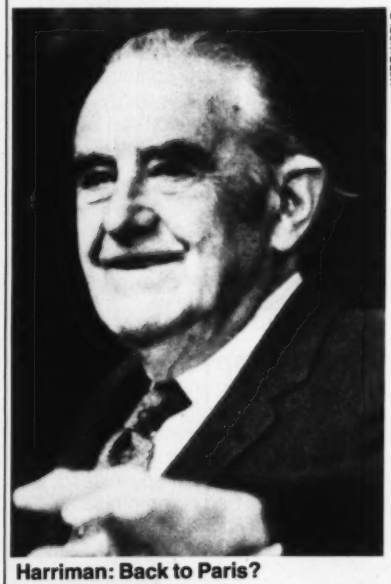
Politics

Harriman's mission

Eighty-five-year-old Democratic statesman Averell Harriman may become a special ambassador with the task of negotiating improved relations with Vietnam. Originally Harriman told Carter that nothing could be done about Vietnam because of the congressional obsession with the missing-in-action. He preferred to give his attention to the SALT talks. But recently Harriman heard that conservative Congressman Sonny Montgomery, who headed the now-defunct select committee on MIAs, might approve reconstruction aid for Hanoi. Under such circumstances, Harriman may be inclined, a source says, "to go to Paris and negotiate with the Vietnamese. He doesn't want to be in the position he was in in 1968, negotiating with nothing to give them. All he could do then was ask them to surrender. But if he thinks he can sell reconstruction aid to Congress—well, his attitude is that others can worry about SALT, he would like to see a real peace with Vietnam." Harriman would be the ideal choice for the post. A year ago, Vietnamese leaders told visiting Senator George McGovern that they trusted Harriman. He was, they said, "an honorable man. Not like Kissinger—a liar."



WIDE WORLD

Harriman: Back to Paris?

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Bell at his confirmation hearing: Will Kelley get the boot?

Carter's cast

In announcing the White House staff, Jimmy Carter did not fill the post of Counselor to the President (Ford has three such counselors). The reason: Carter tentatively has reserved the title for Atlanta attorney Charles Kirbo, his closest adviser, as an unsalaried position confirming Kirbo's status while permitting him to continue his lucrative law practice.

• Theodore Sorensen's nomination as CIA director was not thwarted solely by the opposition of conservative Republicans. Senator Adlai Stevenson III (D–Ill.) orchestrated the behind-the-scenes campaign against the former Kennedy adviser. Stevenson was the unnamed source who, as the *Washington Post* put it, "asked not to be identified" with a lengthy attack on Sorensen. Stevenson was also the Democratic senator who initiated the calls to Carter pressuring him to withdraw Sorensen's name—even though both the FBI and the Intelligence Committee staff had found no blemishes on his record. Stevenson's own choice for the CIA is James Schlesinger.

• As attorney general, Bell will launch a well-publicized but cautious campaign against white-collar crime. Reports a Georgia business friend of both Bell and Carter: "They see an attack on white-collar crime as a way to satisfy the liberals. And the business community can't object if the policy is fair and evenhanded."

• Bell promised the Senate Judiciary Committee that he would replace Clarence Kelley as director of the FBI, but refused to specify the date. However, in a private meeting with one member of the committee, Bell said Kelley would be kept only until next October—when he will have served long enough to qualify for his pension. Then, Bell added, "He will be gone. For sure." (Can we depend on it?)

• Though it was reported publicly that he declined the job of chief speechwriter in the Carter White House, campaign writer and political novelist Pat Anderson in fact was forced out. Press secretary Jody Powell, who wanted to run the speechwriting group, was dissatisfied with Anderson's work. Anderson resisted subordination to Powell. Other Carter advisers objected to the title of Anderson's novel, *The President's Mistress*. So a graceful exit was arranged, with Anderson saying that he preferred to continue his career as a freelance writer.

• Ted Van Dyk, former Humphrey aide, was Vice-President Mondale's recommendation for undersecretary of transportation. Instead, incoming transportation secretary and former congressman, Brock Adams, chose the administrative assistant in his congressional office.

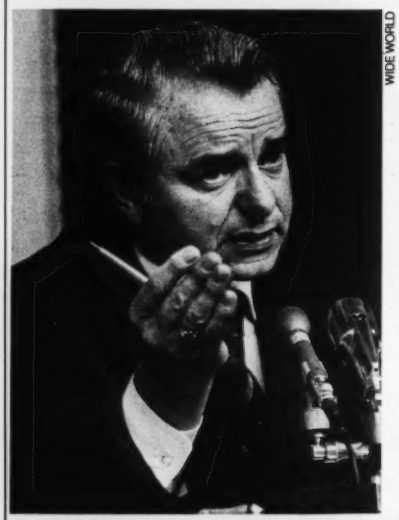
• Former Americans for Democratic Action president, Joseph Duffey, an early liberal for Carter, originally hoped to be assistant HEW

secretary for education. (One reason: the post might be a side door into the cabinet, given the anticipated creation of a separate department of education.) But Duffey, who was in charge of the HEW transition, and new HEW Secretary Joseph Califano agreed that the position was one where they "couldn't" put a white male. So Duffey settled for an assistant secretaryship in the State Department.

• Longtime Carter associates Mary King and husband Dr. Peter Bourne, both in temporary exile during the fall campaign for their alleged excess of self-promotion in the press, have made an impressive comeback. His appointment as special assistant for mental health and drug abuse was recently announced. Now she has beaten out Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp for director of ACTION, which includes the Peace Corps and VISTA. Hamilton Jordan opposed King for the slot, but Carter personally decided on the appointment, which will be announced shortly.

Generous victor

After defeating Hubert Humphrey for Senate majority leader, Robert Byrd resisted Humphrey's honorary promotion to the Democratic leadership via the specially created post of Deputy President pro tem. Instead of agreeing to the proposal immediately, Byrd appointed a stacked committee of Abraham Ribicoff and Henry Jackson (both Byrd supporters) and Edward Kennedy (a Humphrey friend). One senator called it "the gold watch committee." Ribicoff showed the committee's formalization of the proposal in advance to Byrd, who deleted the provision making Humphrey a formal part of the leadership group. That would have given Humphrey a say in the Steering and Policy committees, which set official legislative priorities and schedules and make other committee assignments. One reason Byrd gave Humphrey as much as he finally did was because husky, former all-American football player and Iowa Senator John Culver, by Kennedy's account, "raised ungodly hell" in the Democratic Caucus, pointedly reminding the members of Humphrey's longtime help to most of them. (Nebraska's freshman senator, Joseph Zorinsky, had voted for Byrd over Humphrey, even though Humphrey had postponed his cancer operation to campaign for Zorinsky last fall.)



WIDE WORLD

Byrd: Stingy with the gold watch

Hasty justice

Had the Utah State Attorney General's office not been so quick with a phone call, Gary Gilmore might still be alive today. At the very moment the command to fire was given, the U.S. Supreme Court had just come off the bench to consider collectively whether to uphold Judge Ritter's stay of execution. Although two of the justices had turned down the request, made by Alvin Bronstein of the American Civil Liberties Union, members of the organization were hopeful: "It's extraordinarily unusual for a court of appeals to interfere with a district judge's temporary restraining order since essentially what the judge is saying is that he wants to hear further argument," explains Aryeh Neier, the executive director of the ACLU. "We had hopes that the Supreme Court would decide that it had been improper of the 10th Circuit Court of Appeals to interfere with Ritter's stay." The decision was never to come; the office of the Utah State Attorney General, without waiting for further word from the Supreme Court, called the warden at Utah State Prison with the order to proceed with the execution.

Checkbook journalism

The new federal election law has made it harder for the rich to buy their way into politicians ' good graces, but that doesn't mean they're giving up. Take the case of California financier and liberal fundraiser Harold Willens, a founder of the Coalition of Businessmen Against the War. He recently submitted an adulatory article about Jimmy Carter to the *New Republic*, praising Carter as "a president with a small p. . . a president we can really trust." What made the unsolicited manuscript stand out in the editor's pile of slush was the atttached modest proposal: Willens offered to pay for printing it. As one *New Republic* source laughed, "Harold wants to make sure his résumé really gets around."

The ploy didn't set well with publisher Martin Peretz. You might think Peretz would have a little sympathy, since he'd bought the *New Republic* with a part of his large fortune in order to have a platform for his own political sentiments. But instead, he fired off a "Dear Mr. Willens" rejection, though he'd known Willens on a first-name basis for years. And Washington lawyer Joe Rauh wrote his own teasing note to Willens: "Dear Harold, I have eaten at the White House and the food is not that good."

Blind ambition

Pennsylvania Senator Richard Schweiker, Ronald Reagan's erstwhile running mate, recently told a Republican colleague that he thought he had "a good chance" to be the Republican presidential nominee in 1980. "It is not a widely contemplated thought," said a Republican professional after hearing the Schweiker statement.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Schweiker: Off and running

Mind & Body

Group therapy doesn't make the grade

Many persons who think they need psychotherapy but can't afford it settle on less costly group therapy instead. It appears to be a bad compromise.

In a study conducted by three therapists at London's Tavistock Clinic, no difference was discerned in the

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degree of psychological change experienced by 21 clinic patients who dropped out of group therapy within six months and another 21 who stayed on for two to four years. In fact, the researchers—who admitted being "discouraged" by their own findings—discovered that most patients, whether short-term or long-term, considered their treatment "depriving and frustrating."

In a companion investigation, the researchers sought out 13 other patients whose psychiatrists recommended them as having benefited from group therapy. The most common characteristics of these patients were an exceptional aptitude for self-examination and previous *individual* psychotherapy.

The moral of the tale: group therapy can't substitute for individual treatment but it can be a useful follow-up.

Venomous vapors

True, cigarette packs caution that smoking is dangerous. But a massive new British study suggests a stronger labeling might be in order—say a skull and crossbones.

Two Oxford scientists kept track of 34,400 British doctors for 20 years, recording smoking habits and health status. At the end of the period, 10,072 of the doctors had died. The correlation between smoking and mortality was startling. Among those 70 and under, smokers were twice as likely to have died as abstainers or those who had given up cigarettes. Among those over 70, smokers died at a rate one-third higher than the nonsmokers.

The Oxford team confirmed that smoking killed largely through the usual intermediaries—heart disease, lung cancer and emphysema—but also linked smoking with conditions heretofore not usually associated with cigarettes: cancer of the pancreas and bladder, pneumonia, peptic ulcer, hernia and Parkinson's disease,or shaking palsy. There's only one small glimmer of hope for people who still smoke. Most of the smokers in the study began their habits before filter cigarettes hit the market and thus were exposed to greater amounts of toxins than most of today's smokers.

Salubrious cities

What are the ten healthiest places to live in America? To get a rough statistical idea, *Science Digest* determined for every city and state the degree of air pollution, the average longevity of residents, the quality of medical care (based on doctors per capita and ratings of hospitals) and the incidence of fatal auto accidents and killer diseases. When the findings were compared, the following emerged as the most salubrious (listed in descending order):

1. Hawaii (even Honolulu would rank above the entire mainland)
2. Eugene, Ore. (has pristine air and long-lived citizens)
3. San Francisco (the big surprise; has good air and low disease rates)
4. St. Cloud, Minn. (though small, has two renowned hospitals)
5. Austin, Tex. (very low incidence of cancer and heart disease)
6. La Junta, Colo. (great air, especially compared to Denver's)
7. Utica, N.Y. (here only by virtue of getting credit for being within driving distance of New York City's great hospitals)
8. Kanab, Utah (clean air; little cancer or heart disease)
9. Ketchikan, Alaska (medical care poor but killer diseases rare)
10. Middletown, Conn. (good air and a top-flight hospital)

The *Digest* also found places that seem near to being health hazards in and of themselves: Washington, D.C., whose people have shorter lives than any other Americans; New Jersey, No. 1 in cancer incidence; and Rhode Island, No. 1 in heart disease and No. 3 in cancer. In addition, the entire industrialized Ohio River Valley from Wheeling, W.Va., to Pittsburgh has unhealthy air. —*Larry Frederick*

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Fiftieth state: Paradise, and healthy too

Taking Care of Business

'Citizen's Choice': Chamber's child

For years, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce has been critical of the influence wielded on Capitol Hill by reform-minded public interest groups like John Gardner's Common Cause and Ralph Nader's Public Citizen. Now the Chamber is laying the groundwork for the next stage in the battle against what its president, Richard Lesher, calls "the problem—too many activist organizations." In late January, the Chamber of Commerce, representing 63,000 businesses, will go national with the country's newest, and potentially largest, "public interest" group—Citizen's Choice. Its mission, according to a spokesman: "Support the economic system as it is."

Says Tom Donohue, executive vice-president and effective commander-in-chief of Citizen's Choice, "We have the advantage of being loosely associated with the Chamber." That loose association extends to the following areas:

- The Citizen's Choice office sits, literally, in the main lobby of the national headquarters of the Chamber.
- Lesher, the president of the group, is also the president of the Chamber of Commerce.
- The board of directors of Citizen's Choice all sit on the board of the Chamber.
- The Chamber provided $200,000 in start-up funds for Citizen's Choice, a sum which Donohue insists is a loan "upon which we're paying interest." In addition, the staff of Citizen's Choice draws upon the resources of the Chamber to provide position papers, assistance with public relations, press releases, economic statistics and data and artistic help in preparing mass-mail materials.

According to Lesher, the group's program "will be directed to

economic conservatism." Included in the agenda will be lobbying and membership pressure on Congress around a five-point platform that advocates new legislation banning all federal public employee strikes; restricting food stamps to only those with incomes below the poverty line; and a series of new regulations and "sunset laws" designed to curb the power of "federal bureaus" and "bureaucratic regulations" aimed at the corporate community. In spite of this focus on congressional lobbying, Donohue emphatically insists that Citizen's Choice "is not a political organization. We don't see ourselves in the political business at all."

Other public interest activists in Washington aren't so sure. One calls the group "a businessman's Common Cause." Adds Marlene Halverson, administrative assistant of the Commission for the Advancement of Public Interest Organizations, "We don't generally think of public interest groups arising from corporate America. You have to ask yourself some questions when an organization says it represents the public and its board of directors are all business executives."

Donohue turns aside such criticism, saying simply, "We are not a front for anybody." Yet the thrust of his planned 10-million-piece recruitment mailing is directed squarely at the corporate community. Donohue enlists a company's chief executive officer to write a cover letter endorsing the group. Copies of that letter, along with Citizen's Choice literature, are then sent to the corporation's stockholders and employees. Corporate responsibility activists in New York and Washington say this is the first time to their knowledge that such recruitment techniques have been used. They warn that company employees, knowing the boss is actively involved in enrolling members, may feel compelled to join. Donohue denies that any pressure is brought to bear.

And what of the long-range picture? Today, Citizen's Choice has 3,000 members, a toll-free hot line available to its supporters and a staff of three or four. But Donohue sees great things ahead. "Perhaps," he says, "the best way to vision on this is to go back in time. Can you imagine what would have happened if Citizen's Choice had been here 10 or 20 years ago?" An interesting question, to be sure.

A final note: Jay Van Andel is the chairman of Citizen's Choice, and "an exciting American" as well, according to Tom Donohue. Van Andel is also chairman of the board of Amway Corp., the manufacturer and door-to-door distributor of detergents and shampoos. A native of Grand Rapids,

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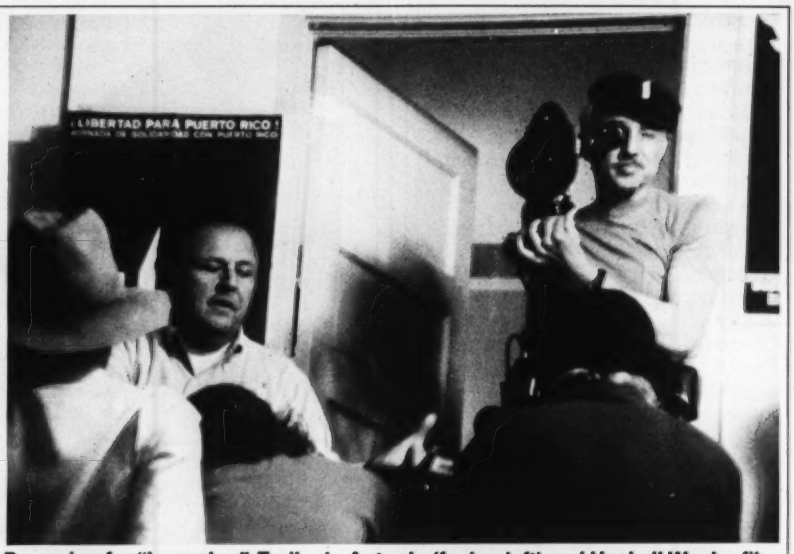
and a close friend of Gerald Ford, Van Andel says the ex-president has not yet endorsed Citizen's Choice, but expects he will support the effort, because "his philosophy is along the same lines." Van Andel also has a personal stake in the Citizen's Choice battle against government regulation of corporations. Last year, the Federal Trade Commission issued a complaint against Amway, alleging that the company engaged in unfair and deceptive practices in marketing its products. The case is still in the pretrial stages.

—Ted Howard and Jeremy Rifkin

Weather Report

Bernardine's confession and the Gang of Four

By Ron Rosenbaum



Preparing for "inversion":Emile de Antonio (facing left) and Haskell Wexler film Ayres, Dohrn and Jones (left to right) for *Underground*

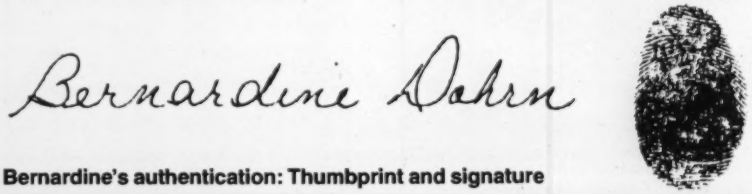
Remember when you were a kid and you used to believe that if you dug a hole down deep enough underground you'd come up in China? Something like that seems to be happening to the fugitive Weather Underground Organization. The radical SDS faction that chose to go underground at the close of the sixties, that bombed the Pentagon, the Capitol and two dozen other "symbols of American imperialism" while outwitting a massive FBI manhunt for seven years, now finds itself entangled in a divisive internal struggle that begs for comparison to the murky struggle over the so-called Gang of Four in China. Four of the most passionate and imaginative original leaders of the Weather Underground Organization (WUO) stand accused of scheming to betray the ideological purity of the organization in order to make a power play for "hegemony" over what's left of The Left aboveground. And what's more, one of their own number, their unofficial leader among leaders and best-known symbol of the Weather Underground, Bernardine Dohrn herself, has joined their accusers, denouncing herself and vilifying her one-time pals. As of this writing the Weather Four have yet to reply to these attacks (although many expect something dramatic from them by the end of this month). Until we hear their side of the story, it's necessary to apply some of the corrective looking-glass logic of the China watcher to the material at hand to get a sense of what is going on between the lines of the denunciations.

News of the split in the WUO first became public on January 16 of this year when AP sent a story over its national wire that ran in the *New York Times* under the headline "Radical Weather Group Leaders Reported Planning to Surrender." The AP story was based on two documents that had been circulating privately—and causing consternation—in radical circles for some weeks this winter.

The first document to show up is dated November 20, 1976. It's 11 typewritten pages entitled "Criticism of the Central Committee of the WUO" by the "Revolutionary Committee"—a hitherto unheralded group that claims to be composed of "members and leaders" of the Weather Underground.

The members of the Revolutionary Committee, whoever they are, don't waste time—on the first page they call for the immediate dissolution of the seven-year-old WUO in order to "destroy" the ability of the old leadership to use the prestige of its name in support of "crimes against revolutionary movements." There follows a long indictment of the Central Committee that directed the strategy of the WUO from the beginning, denouncing each of its five individual members by name: Bernardine Dohrn, Jeff Jones, Bill Ayres, Celia Sojourn and Joe Reed (the last two are pseudonyms apparently used by two other leaders for some time). So extreme and sweeping are some of the charges leveled against the Weather Gang of Four Plus One that many of their friends and sympathizers at first dismissed the Revolutionary Committee document as a fraud at best, possibly even FBI sabotage. Then came the second document: Bernardine Dohrn's confession. This surfaced first as a tape sent to the Prairie Fire Organizing Committees in New York, Boston and the West Coast, the aboveground political action groups inspired by the Weather Underground's ideological tract *Prairie Fire*. Along with the tape was a transcript dated "November 25, 1976, Thanksgiving," signed "Bernardine Dohrn" and authenticated by what purports to be her thumbprint.

It's an astonishing document, Bernardine's confession. It represents such a complete turnabout, such a thorough denunciation of herself and such harsh and final testimony against four of her closest comrades that some sympathizers reading it for the first time are shocked enough to raise the question of "brainwashing," to make comparisons with the "confessions" at the Moscow purge trials, and even compare Bernardine's act to the "conversion" of Patty Hearst. Still others recognized elements in



Bernardine's authentication: Thumbprint and signature

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Bernardine's character and practice that made her act in some sense seem consistent. Even before she led the Weather faction in its 1969 split with the rest of SDS she always demonstrated a relentless determination to take the most ideologically pure line—particularly when it came to questions of supporting black movements. She helped forge an ideology of sacrifice that called for white revolutionaries to strip themselves of their "white skin privilege," get themselves beaten, gassed, driven into a hunted fugitive existence so that no one could accuse them of stinting in any way their support of "black liberation movements," such as the Panthers. Behind it all, some might say, was the relentless, driving engine of white guilt, never satisfied by any sacrifice—because the "crime" that clearly bothers her the most of the many she confesses to is the refusal of her group of white fugitives to risk their own underground security in order to help black fugitives.

You get the strong impression from reading the two documents that after it established its reputation, the Weather Underground was besieged by requests for help, from the Black Liberation Army, the SLA and other less experienced fugitive groups. Consistently, according to Bernardine, the WUO "denied them aid and support and rejected offers of meeting and joint work unless they were completely on our terms. That is, our security and our safety we placed above that of Black and Third world organizations."

According to Bernardine "the most glaring example" of opportunistic double standard in helping out other fugitives was their decision to "support in the form of time, money [and] cadres of Abby [sic] Hoffman, a relationship which produced media attention for us through the articles in New Times and his TV program." (See *New Times*, May 30 and June 13, 1975.)

One can imagine a black woman saying to Bernardine, "Check out the way you're letting those white middle-class men in your collective convince you not to help a fugitive black liberation fighter. Would the abolitionists have refused? Yet you help Abbie Hoffman." White guilt survives at a level more than skin-privilege deep, and it's possible the dynamics of the situation underground were such that the more secure and successful the Weather people became underground, the more white guilt they felt about it.

It's a familiar story to the Left. Reading the denunciation of the Weather Four and Bernardine's confession, the plodding, machinelike rhetoric of it all gives one the feeling that the forces of ideological purification and self-centered obsession with Having The Correct Line have once again choked off the party of imagination, daring and spontaneity—the denunciation actually speaks of the "crime of spontaneity." And once again it looks like the best and most inventive leaders are ground down by their least imaginative followers.

Take the allegedly "criminal" nature of the "plan of inversion." According to Bernardine's confession, this was at once the central strategy and the central crime of the Weather Underground's former leadership—they faced up to the possibility that they might not want to spend the rest of their existence in the unreal isolation—indeed sensory deprivation—of underground life.

WIDE WORLD

Stormy Weather: The Underground's bombs caused no serious injuries—except to themselves, in this Manhattan bomb factory where three died

Inversion was their word for a sudden and dramatic surfacing of the entire Weather Underground, and the hoped-for rallying of the entire Left to their support in the legal struggles that would follow. It was Jeff Jones' idea at first, according to Bernardine, although he was able to win the rest of the central committee to support it. They spent months making a movie about themselves (Emile de Antonio's *Underground*), they helped Abbie Hoffman publicize the underground, they abandoned bombings for almost 18 months in order to concentrate on the public relations and organizing value of their magazine *Osowatomie*—all to prepare for inversion, according to the denunciation. The final timing of the alleged inversion scheme is not clear, but it seems quite possible that the release of the denunciation and accompanying repudiation of the Weather Underground name itself was designed to forestall the act or cripple its symbolic value. In her confession Bernardine pointedly warned: "I cannot say this plan has been stopped." After the confession, if the Gang of Four wanted to leave the underground and surrender they could still do so but not—the Revolutionary Committee obviously hopes—as the Weather Underground, only as themselves.

It is known that people purporting to be representatives of the West Coast Prairie Fire Organizing Committee (sympathetic to the Revolutionary Committee) came to New York in December to try to get the denunciation and confession published. The documents have certainly had the effect of dividing and demoralizing the potential support for returnees from the Gang of Four faction. But the support is still there. Jeff Jones, Bill Ayres, Celia Sojourn and Joe Reed still have a lot of supporters who remember them as the most passionate supporters of the Vietnamese and black liberation movements, who respect them for the courage and shrewdness it took to create an underground safe from the FBI, for the "tender loving care" they took with their bombings (which in seven years caused no serious injuries to anyone but themselves). Many fellow radicals recall any number of mistakes they made, ego problems they had, but hardly anyone takes seriously the notion that they've committed "crimes" against the revolution. To many, they're heroes who may have stumbled but certainly not fallen. Their former lawyers say they stand ready to defend them should they appear, hold out hope for beating all raps because of massive FBI irregularities in their cases and foresee an eventual jail-free future for them if they want it.

One sympathizer had this suggestion for the timing of an "inversion": "I think that as soon as Carter declares his pardon they should all step forward and claim it as the last veterans of the antiwar movement. They deserve it."

Of course they may have changed their mind and decided to remain underground. The only thing to fear from that eventuality is that whatever isolation or loneliness they have suffered as a result of the split might break their spirit and force them into robot-like confessions a la Bernardine just for the sake of human support or contact. But I have a feeling the Gang of Four lacks neither. And if they ever should decide to surface for whatever reason, there'll be a lot of people to welcome them.

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The Lord Giveth and the Lord Taketh Away. This week, He took away

DEATH IN ZION

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

Nothing could bring me to Utah. Not that Godforsaken spot in the desert. And certainly not for this. There may be reasons for coming to the Land of Zion and Brigham Young, but I could think of none. I don't ski, and the music of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir is really not to my taste. So why was I here, on a plane, making its final descent into the Salt Lake City airport. I knew the answer, but I didn't want to say it. It was so embarrassing. Like everyone else, the thrill-seekers and crazies and special-pleaders, I was here for him. Gilmore.

I was sick of him already. Sick of the whole media trip. Sick of the people who wanted to kill him and the people who wanted to save him. Why didn't they all just go away. Why couldn't we forget about him and Nicole and his poetry and the life story he had sold to Larry Schiller for a hundred grand plus. There could be nothing more sleazy. Which, of course, is precisely why I was coming. After a while, something so awful gets to be hypnotic. You hate yourself, but you can't stay away. You have got to be part of it, immerse yourself in it, let the dirt and tackiness simply wash over you.

I suspect that many felt that way about Gary Mark Gilmore (or "Gary," as we began to call him after a time, as if he were an old, familiar chum), resented how he fascinated us, wanted nothing so much as just to be rid of this creature who was suddenly rich and famous because he had murdered two people, and, thanks to luck of the draw and his own psychosis, was about to become the first person the country had executed in a decade. Give him his wish, everyone was saying. Shoot him. Do anything, just get him off our minds.

Well, it looked like we were about to. Today was Monday, January 10. Unless something unforeseen and drastic happened in the next seven days, then one week from today, at sunrise, we would be rid of him. The State of Utah would clean up the mess for us.

It's funny about Salt Lake. It's the only place in America, where, when you get off an airplane, you feel like you have arrived in a foreign country. The people talk pretty much like the rest of us, they drive the same cars, and go to the same McDonald's stands and watch the same television programs. It's just the way they look. Smiling all the time, and so clean. If you could clone Donny and Marie Osmond two hundred million times, all America would look like Utah. Something about the place is a little strange and unsettling. The people I am used to do not look like this.

That's the point about Utahns. They don't think they are like anyone else either. The Mormons, who dominate this state in a way like no religious group dominates any other state, not even the Southern Baptists in deepest Alabama, call themselves "Saints." And the thing is, they believe it. They think that their church is the only true one, and that the rest of us are a kind of necessary species of infidels, who, if the Saints get their way—and none of them doubt that they will—will all become Mormons one day too. This belief, along with certain other peculiarities particular to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, historically made the Mormons rather unpopular with their neighbors. In fact, everywhere they settled—first New York, then Ohio, then Missouri, then Illinois—they were always driven out, often after bloody battles, though not, it was said, without some justification. That's how they finally ended up in Utah. It was then outside the boundaries

PHOTOGRAPH BY CRAIG DIMOND

of the United States, and nobody else wanted it. Considering the land, it is not surprising. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle selected Utah as the site of one of his first adventures of Sherlock Holmes, and wrote of it: "There are no inhabitants in this land of despair. . . . Listen as one may, there is no shadow of a sound in all that mighty wilderness; nothing but silence—complete and heart-subduing silence." That made Utah perfect for Brigham Young. As soon as he set eyes on the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, with its uncanny resemblance to the Judean wilderness (not coincidentally, the river that flows by the Utah State Prison, where Gary Gilmore is held, is named the Jordan River), he said, "This is the Place." That was in 1847, and the Mormons have been here ever since, alone with their God, their valley and their mountains. And that is how they like it: being alone.

They are good, God-fearing people, the Mormons—maybe a little too God-fearing. The God they worship is an Old Testament God, who calls down wrath on the enemies of his children and whose word is to be taken literally, including the injunction, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Coming to Utah nine months ago was Gary Gilmore's fatal mistake. Murder here is not taken lightly. If one sheds blood—especially an outsider, a "gentile," like Gilmore—then one's blood is shed in return. "Blood atonement," the Saints call it, and to insure that the blood flows, they give the condemned man a unique choice: hanging or the firing squad. Nearly everyone, including Gilmore, chooses the guns. That is the way it has been, and is now, and will no doubt be in Utah a hundred years from now. The Lord's word never changes.

Tuesday

The heavies are beginning to gather. Bill Moyers and a big crew from *CBS Reports* have already been here for three weeks, preparing an hour documentary on capital punishment, and word around the Salt Lake Hilton, where the media have encamped, is that by tomorrow NBC will be on hand with four of its own correspondents to prepare their own instant special. ABC is supposed to come in the day after that, with two correspondents, not counting the people they are bringing in to do radio. The *New York Times* will be here, too, of course, along with *Time* and *Newsweek*, and the major dailies, and an estimated two dozen members of the foreign press, from Germany, Australia, Britain, France and Mexico. Already, some of the Fleet Street boys are cruising the lobby, making snide asides about the barbarism of their North American cousins and quietly asking how they go about buying into the Gilmore story, which is apparently being sold piece-by-piece to the highest bidder by Gilmore's Hollywood agent, sometime journalist and photographer, Larry Schiller. Rupert Murdoch, it is said, cannot be far behind. And, sure enough, there is even a rumor that he is offering $100,000 or better for an exclusive picture of Gilmore's actual execution.

The mood in the lobby is very loose and friendly. This is a reunion for a lot of press people, and, after a time, the atmosphere is not unlike an exclusive, if rather raffish gaming club. Everyone seems to have a Gilmore joke ("Melvin Dummar is secretly delivering his will to the Mormon headquarters," one of the more tasteful ones goes), a Mormon joke ("The Mormon girls don't smoke or drink, but they do screw—that is, if you promise to give them a child") or some combination thereof ("If you get a parking ticket in Salt Lake, they give you a choice: five-dollar fine or they chop your finger off").

The Gilmore slaying, suggests Utah's attorney general, will cross an important psychological barrier—"like cracking the Dow Jones 1000 average"

It is impossible, though, to top the real thing. It seems that every hour there is a new Gilmore story, each one more bizarre than the last. One report has it that Gilmore stands on his head and does a variety of exercises two hours of every day "because he wants to keep his body in shape," as the source puts it. The story is checked and turns out to be true. Also true is the report that Vern Damico, Gilmore's uncle, and the man who took him in when he came to Utah, has, at Gilmore's request, made up six "Gary Gilmore—Death Wish" T-shirts with Gilmore's picture on them. Gilmore is already wearing one, and he wants the five witnesses he is allowed to invite to his execution to wear the others.

Such gallows humor quickly palled as one approached Utah State Prison, 20 miles south of Salt Lake and about 20 miles north of Provo, where, the night of July 20, 1976, Gary Gilmore put a gun to the head of a part-time motel clerk named Bennie Bushnell and sent a bullet slamming into his brain. The prison looks like the set of an old Jimmy Cagney movie: stark, ugly, lots of guard towers and chain-link barbed wire fences, an altogether forbidding spot set at the mouth of two mountain ranges. If there is to be an execution, this is the perfect site. The place reeks of vengeance.

Vengeance has not been an uncommon occurrence in Utah's history, as is indicated by the fact that prison records are not clear whether 44 or 43 men have been put to death. The last man to go to the gallows was Barton K. Kirkham, who was executed on June 7, 1958, but not before the warden allowed him his last request, which was playing the piano. The most famous was Joe Hill, the legendary organizer for the Wobblies, who was arrested during a bitter strike on a trumped-up charge of murder. After a mockery of a trial, he, too, was executed, leaving behind a wish that he be cremated and his ashes spread throughout America, save for one state: Utah. "I wouldn't be caught dead in Utah," Joe Hill said.

And now there is number 44 or 45: Gary Mark Gilmore. At the prison, they have been trying to discover just why Gilmore did the things that he did; what it was beyond being jilted by Nicole that drove him to murder. Dr. Allan Roe, the prison psychologist who performed the psychological evaluation on Gilmore for the state court, thinks that love had very little to do with it. Gary Gilmore just didn't fit in. Roe is a laconic man, and, after ten years of working at the prison, somewhat cynical about his patients, including Gilmore. "He's just another inmate to us. You do one psych, and you've done a hundred," is how he puts it. "He's independent, a do-your-own-thing kind of guy," Roe says. "He's defiant, and he gets rejected because he lives by different standards than everyone else. So he has to reject his rejecters. It's a vicious circle. The system is not about to give and he is not about to give. It's always been this struggle between the two of them, neither one of them letting up. The harder he pushes, the harder they push back. The harder they push back, the harder he pushes. By wanting to die, he has sort of called a truce in the war. In a way, his suicide, if you can call it that, is the ultimate get-back. Like he's saying to the state, 'Kill me if you want to, but I am going to get you back as bad as I can; I am going to hurt you the way you have never been hurt before. By killing me, you are going to have to live with it the rest of your

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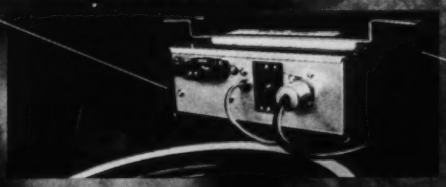

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lives.' Actually, I think he is rather enjoying himself."

"He's an embarrassment. What do you do with the man?" another member of the professional staff complains. "He's standing the system on its ear. A lot of the inmates here think that he is giving the place a bad name. God, whatever happens Monday, it will be good, just to get it over, so we can get back to our jobs."

You hear that kind of talk not only at the prison, but all over the state—how Gilmore is an embarrassment, giving them all a bad name. They try to ignore him—the Provo newspaper relied almost exclusively for wire reports on Gilmore's activities, and buried many of those on the back pages, because, as the editor put it, "he's not good for Provo"—but he is always there, sneering at them, defying them to kill him. It has not been a good year for Utah or the Mormons. "Between Allan Howe [the congressman convicted for soliciting a police decoy prostitute] and Gary Gilmore," a Salt Lake teacher says, "sometimes I think that we'd be better off folding up our tents and heading back into the desert."

Wednesday

The Utah legislature has shifted into high gear. The morning paper brings word that the assembly has passed a bill requiring the teaching of the wonders of the American free enterprise system in every high school as a requirement for graduation. Still no word about Gilmore, though. Frances Farley, one of the few liberal Democrats in the state Senate, tells me that, were she to introduce a bill outlawing capital punishment in the Senate, it would get one vote: her own. The price would be that she would not pass any other legislation all year long. The state, obviously, is not going to step in. Scott Matheson, governor all of two weeks and self-proclaimed opponent of the death penalty ("except in the most heinous cases," he adds, "which includes Gilmore"), says that he is powerless to intervene. A lot of people don't believe him. In any case, Matheson's position suits the equally new attorney general just fine. He tells CBS that killing Gilmore will help proponents of the death penalty, such as he, cross an important psychological barrier—"like cracking the Dow Jones 1000 average," as he puts it.

Money and free enterprise seem to be on everyone's mind. Here at the Hilton, they sell only two out-of-town newspapers: *Barron's* and the *Wall Street Journal*. Mormons, I am told, are a thrifty lot, and, with the Church's requirement for tithing, they have to be. Money may even be a partial motive for the execution. The story around town is that the tide really started running against Gilmore after one of the newspapers reported that it would cost the state in excess of $100,000 per year to warehouse Gilmore if he were not executed. The story unleashed a torrent of angry letters to the editor.

About Gilmore, though, the Mormons have miscalculated. Alive, he is a proving a boon to the state's economy. It is difficult some nights to get a table at one of Salt Lake's two good restaurants, so filled are they with newsmen and television types. Rental cars are also scarce, and every helicopter in the state has been chartered for Monday morning. Thanks to Gilmore, the Hilton is filled to capacity for the first time in two months. Today, when a would-be guest was informed that there was no room in the inn, he threatens to strip naked in the lobby. The management ignores him. He does.

Things are weirding up. For instance, the banner headline in today's New York *Post* reads: "Threat To Storm Gilmore Prison." The story is interesting on two counts: it is not true, and the reporter whose byline it carries did not write it. No one seems to know who did. It just appeared, with a wave of Rupert Murdock's magic hand.

The real news is escaping us. Gilmore's brothers have come to Utah from Oregon to make a last visit. Everyone knows that. The problem is finding them. They are important people, for, as the execution nears, a suit filed by them, demanding a stay, might just work. They were spotted at the prison yesterday, then dropped out of sight. This morning, as I enter the hotel coffee shop, I see a friend from CBS having breakfast in a booth with a young man in his late twenties. He looks like a younger, thinner, long-haired Gary Gilmore. But my CBS friend, who seems to tense as I approach the table, does not introduce me. We exchange pleasantries and I head off. Later, I will find that my CBS friend's breakfast companion is Mikal Gilmore, Gary's baby brother.

Mikal has come to Utah, thinking that he might sue to keep his brother from being killed. But he is torn. During a prison visit, Gary threatens to commit suicide if he does. Mikal, a sensitive, frail-looking music writer from Oregon, needs someone to turn to for advice in making this, the most important decision in his life. The man he selects is a former Baptist minister named Bill Moy-

PHOTOGRAPH BY CRAIG DIMOND

This is the Place: A decade ago, Provo, Utah, was named one of the ten safest cities in America, but that was before Gary Gilmore came to town

PHOTOGRAPH BY VINNIE FISH/BLACK STAR

Insiders: Agent Schiller controlled the best sources, while CBS' Bill Moyers counseled Gilmore's brother

ers. They talk, hour after hour, in Moyer's motel room, Mikal pouring out his feelings, Moyers, listening, counseling, but not advising. The decision is Mikal's to make, and even seeming to be part of it places Moyers in a terrible ethical dilemma. He is, like many of the press people here, personally opposed to the death penalty, and sickened by the carnival aspects of Gilmore's execution. The documentary he has been filming is constructed in such a way that it can be aired Monday night, whether or not Gilmore is executed. But it will be a far more powerful tale if Gilmore is shot. That is the conundrum for all of us. For professional reasons, we would all like Gilmore dead. It is in our interest, just as it seems to be in everyone's interest in Utah, to have him killed right on time. And so here is Bill Moyers, journalist, being asked to advise perhaps the one man who can foul up matters for all of us.

It is difficult to imagine a more delicate tightrope than the one Moyers has to walk. But he manages it. When Mikal decides, late in the week, not to file suit, and let his brother die, the decision will have been his, and his alone. Mikal and the CBS people have become remarkably close in the space of a very few days; indeed, he has been living in the room of one of them. Two of the CBS people will take him to the airport Friday. Before he gets on the plane for Oregon, they embrace and cry. The story is getting to everyone.

"The one person we are missing from this event," a reporter says, "is Colonel Shorty Powers, the guy who used to do the space shots. We need Shorty here to say, 'this is execution control. The countdown is now T minus 20 minutes and holding.'" "No, no, no, the man from the *Post* argues. "Who we really need is Howard Cosell. 'And here he comes, Ga-ry Gil-more. Howareya, Gary, this must be a ve-ry big day for you, the day you've al-ways ho-oped for, always wi-shed for. And now, do you have any last-minute advice for your fans around the country? Wait, ladies and gentleman, he's down. Gary Mark Gilmore is down. What a tre-men-dous knock-out.'"

Thursday

Forty miles south of Salt Lake, hard against the Wasatch Mountains, where the River Jordan begins its flow, lies the city of Provo, population 53,000. It is a pretty little place with pretty little houses lived in by pretty little people. The residents of "Happy Valley," as the Provo area is known, are quiet, conservative folk, hard-working and law-abiding. They are proud of their town, and especially proud of the school the Mormon Church founded here, Brigham Young University. You hear a lot of people around town say that BYU is the best university in the world, and that there is no finer place for rearing children than Provo. They may have a point about the last claim. There are no drugs here, and few distractions, save the great outdoors. The town has only one state liquor store, and those with the temerity to patronize it are often subjected to sharp looks. There aren't any X-rated movies, and, if the people of Provo get their way, there won't be any R-rated ones before long either. The crime rate in Provo is about half the national average for towns of similar size. A decade ago, *Esquire* magazine listed it as one of the ten safest cities in America.

But that was long before *he* came. The story is so well known by now that it scarcely bears repeating. Suffice it to say that nine months ago, fresh from prison, where he had spent the last consecutive dozen years, and nearly half of his life, Gary Mark Gilmore arrived in Provo to begin a new life. Three months later he was condemned to death for murder.

Dean Christensen, a professor at BYU and Bennie Bushnell's bishop and neighbor, will never forget the night

everything changed in Happy Valley. He and his wife were just preparing for bed when the phone rang, and an hysterical female blurted out, "Bennie has been shot. Come to the emergency room, quick." Bishop Christensen was there in a few moments, but it was already too late. Bennie's widow fell into his arms, sobbing. "They say he's dead," she cried. "I don't believe them. I can't believe that Bennie is dead. I want to see him." So Bishop Christensen took her in. The doctor pulled back the sheet, and there was Bennie, his head a mass of blood.

No, Dean Christensen will never forget that night. Bennie Bushnell, he says, "was like a son to me."

Dean Christensen tells his story soberly and expertly. By now, he has had plenty of practice. I, he informs me, am the 21st reporter to interview him. And that is what bothers him. "Why is it," he asks, "that the media glorifies the killer and doesn't seem to pay much attention to the victim. What is wrong with our society?"

I will not find out the answer this morning in Provo, nor at Brigham Young. They are places of another age, living in a simpler and less violent time. You will find few blue jeans among the 27,000 students at BYU, and almost no long hair—such hippie appearance is against the rules. Things are different at BYU. Twice a day, once in the morning, and then again late in the afternoon, a signal sounds, and students, whatever they are doing, stand stock-still like statues, as the national anthem plays and the flag is raised or lowered. Bennie Bushnell and Max David Jensen, the two young men whom Gary Gilmore slew, were both BYU students, both former Mormon missionaries, both family men, both good and decent people. And Dean Christensen makes no bones about it. He cannot forgive. He wants death for Gilmore. Yes, he says, if asked, he would serve on the firing squad. "Most people here would."

Something is happening in Provo. Its people are not at all sure what it is, only that it is threatening to their way of life. Between 1962 and 1972, there were no murders in Happy Valley. Since then, there have been 17, nine of them in the last year, including the two killings by Gilmore. It is as if some evil force has set upon them. There is no name for it; the closest anyone comes is "outsiders." Gilmore, after all, was an outsider. But that does not explain all the killings, some of them far more vicious than Gilmore's, such as the recent case of the local farmer who allegedly stomped his mentally defective child to death, or the young Mormon, who, having made a girl pregnant and been compelled to marry her by his parents, stabbed her 18 times, then cut her open and stabbed the baby an additional 8 times. As it happens, neither one of these killers is on death row.

"The town is going to hell, no question about it," says Noall Wootton, the county prosecutor who asked for and got the death penalty for Gary Mark Gilmore. Gilmore's crime, Wootton says, "was a rather routine homicide," and, under ordinary circumstances, Wootton probably would not have sought the death penalty. Gilmore himself compelled Wootton to do it. "You can't rehabilitate someone like that. Oh, I suppose you could put him in a cage, like a gorilla in a zoo. But, even with a gorilla, someone has to go in and clean the cage once in a while. No, if only for the sake of the people who would have to deal with him, the only solution is destroying him."

Leave it to Gilmore, though, to disrupt Wootton's cool rationality. "Everything was going fine at the beginning," he says. "There wasn't any big fuss at the time of the trial. You didn't hear all the talk you hear now around town about wanting to be on the firing squad. Hell, hardly anyone showed up for the trial. It was all going just fine. And then the turkey decided to stop playing by the rules."

"Did you notice his belt?" Gordon Manning said of Schiller. "It was made of lizard. You better get that down. *Lizard*"

Wootton grins at the last statement. Despite himself, he can't help but sort of liking Gary Gilmore. "He's got a helluva fine sense of humor," Wootton notes, "and he sure knows a lot of words I don't know." Which is why, this bright Thursday morning, Noall Wootton is a little upset. Come Monday, he will have to be down at the prison to watch the man he prosecuted be shot to death. The thought repels him. "This," he says, "was not part of my job description."

Friday

Everything has been pointing toward this day: the last business day for the courts before the execution. The lawyers have all their briefs prepared, and, in some cases, have had them prepared for weeks, waiting only for this moment. Because today, in the beginning of the final moments, everything changes. The law lets down a little. The rules bend. Lawyers who had no standing a week ago, have it today. The imminence of death will do that. Let the lawsuits commence; let the games begin.

Like everyone, I have risen early, so I can be out in Provo at the office of Ronald Stanger, LL.B., and member in good standing of the Utah Bar. As practices go, Ronald Stanger's isn't much; not enough, at least, to support more than a modest suite of offices with fake wood paneling, one flight of stairs above a Provo storefront. No one will ever accuse Ron Stanger of being a world-beater. The case he always tells reporters about involved his defense of a go-go girl, whom the cops wanted to run out of town. "She was a scrawny kid," Stanger says, "and she didn't even take off her clothes." Stanger ultimately prevailed, and the rights of the anonymous go-go girl were protected. For the last couple of months, however, Ronald Stanger has had a rather different assignment: his client, Gary Gilmore, has retained him to insure that he will be executed Monday next. So, suddenly, Ron Stanger has become a very big man.

The first thing that Ron Stanger tells you is the first thing he tells everybody—that is, how much he opposes the death penalty. Ron Stanger wants you to know that he is not like these other bloodthirsty yahoos out here, that he is a man of civility, education and liberal principles, and, if you don't believe it, all you have to do is look at the bust of John Fitzgerald Kennedy in his office. You see, Ron Stanger helped organize Utah for John Kennedy, and wanted Ted Kennedy to be president in 1968. He is *that* liberal. In fact, very few people can make as eloquent an argument against the death penalty as Ron Stanger. He has all the lines down: how it is brutalizing to the people who inflict it; how it is no deterrent to crime; how we should reverence every human life, however wicked the deeds of a murderer like Gary Gilmore—the man whom Ron Stanger is trying to help fulfill his death wish. Contradiction? Ron Stanger doesn't think so. "I'm his lawyer," he explains, "just trying to protect my client's rights."

Ron says he would love to talk longer, but now he really has to hurry down to the prison. It is just about time for the warden's daily press conference. Sam Smith is in better spirits today, relieved perhaps that all this unwanted attention and embarrassment is about to come to an end. Or perhaps he is merely getting over his initial shyness with the

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press. In any case, he seems very loose, and, on occasion, even funny, as when a reporter asks whether there will be anyone at the prison on execution eve to receive a last-minute stay from the governor or the Supreme Court. The warden replies solemnly: "We will be available before, during and after the execution." When there is a mild titter in the room, Smith looks perplexed.

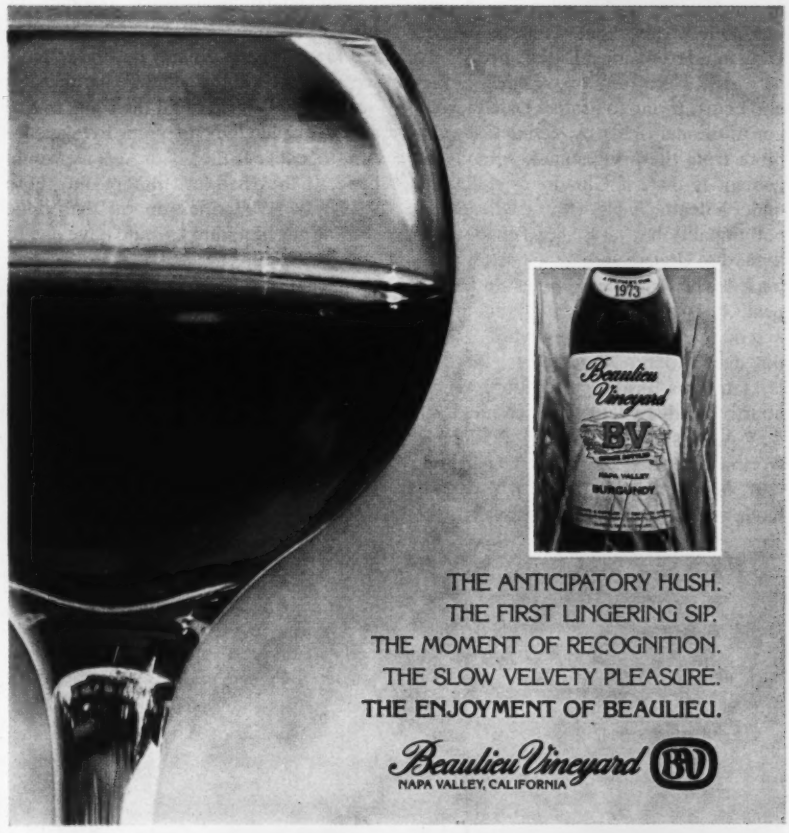
"Sam's a good man," says Gus Sorensen, a bull-faced ex-Marine who covers the execution beat (along with editing the suburban news) for the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Gus is an old hand at these sorts of things. He has known Sam Smith for 20 years. His own father, a contractor, built the prison gallows, and Gus himself has been a witness at five executions. He is also one of the few reporters to have interviewed Gary Gilmore face-to-face. Gus is the sort of man a novice at death watches can turn to for guidance and be sure that he will be steered straight. When it comes to capital punishment lore, Gus is a veritable encyclopedia of the macabre.

"I spent the night with two of the fellas," Gus relates. "One of 'em was hung, the other shot. The fella who was shot, Don Jesse Neal, he was the more nervous of the two. Never thought it would really happen. Kept saying that he had a New York lawyer who would save him. Well, of course, he never did. He took it pretty well, though. They all do. When the bullets hit 'em, all you see is that they tense up a little bit. Just a little jerk. Then they settle down, just sort of slump down in their chair."

As for the shooting, that was usually pretty accurate, Gus continued. "Best group I saw," he said, "was three shots so close you could have covered 'em with a silver dollar and the fourth hole would have been touching. And there's not much blood, either."

There was something hypnotic about listening to the stories about death. I wanted to hear every gory detail. What could be more fascinating than death. As a CBS reporter put it, not cynically at all, but describing the fact: "It's the best story there is. The one that has the most drama. Like sudden death at the Super Bowl." And now the damn liberals were trying to foul up everything.

People like Gil Athay. Athay ran for attorney general in the last election, and because he would not come out in favor of the death penalty, driving pornographers from the state and a constitutional amendment banning abortion, he, of course, lost. He is a short, rather dapper, mustachioed man, whose easy smile does little to conceal a great seriousness



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of purpose. Athay has reason to be serious. One of his clients is a condemned Utah murderer named Dale Pierre.

So this afternoon, Athay is in federal court, trying to protect Dale Pierre's constitutional rights by saving Gary Gilmore from the firing squad. Athay's argument is that, if Gilmore is executed, under a death penalty statute whose constitutionality has never been challenged, then the Utah Supreme Court will be biased when his client comes up for appeal. It is a tricky, convoluted thesis, and no one expects it to prevail, perhaps not even Athay. Nonetheless, there he is, late this Friday afternoon, in the courtroom of Federal District Judge Aldon Anderson, arguing it for all he is worth. Gil Athay is the last best hope that opponents of the death penalty have, and things are not going well.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VINNIE FISH/BLACK STAR

Death watch: In the warden's briefing room, reporters wait for a white phone to ring, signaling the first U.S. execution in ten years

The courtroom is crowded and hot, so hot that after an hour, one of the reporters is beginning to nod off. Judge Anderson looks impassive. His only noticeable expression is a slight frown, which seems permanently affixed to his face. As the arguments from Athay and the assistant attorneys general, two carefully-coifed young men, string out, the judge slowly rocks back and forth in his chair, as if impatiently waiting for his turn to come. When, finally, it does, he quickly comes to the point. Athay's motion for a temporary restraining order is denied.

I should feel good, I suppose. The week spent out here will not be a waste of time after all. I will have my story. But as I walk back to the hotel, with the night air strangely warm and clean, I am beginning to feel sick. At the coffee shop, a local friend introduces me to one of the hotel security man, and he asks me the outcome of the appeal. Denied, I tell him. "That's great," he says. "Now we can get rid of all that garbage on death row. Get rid of all the scum in this state. I'm glad they are going to take care of it, because if they hadna of, we would have. If they had let Gilmore out, there would be 1900 rifles up on that ridge waiting for him, and I would have one of 'em, I tell you."

Saturday

All week long, the loathing of Larry Schiller has been growing. He has become an obsession for us. All the "good" sources, from Gilmore on down, are on some sort of contract with Schiller. They speak when he wants them to speak. Rumor has it that he even has two journalists under contract, one of whom is helping him prepare a long *Playboy* interview with Gilmore.

This morning is the time of reckoning. Schiller has made a mistake. NBC has been desperately trying to interview Schiller all week (hoping to match the interview he granted Bill Moyers of CBS earlier), and last night Schiller stood them up. Gordon Manning, NBC's executive producer for special broadcasts, however, is not a man to be trifled with. He has made arrangements to be notified as soon as Schiller checks into the Hilton, and at 6:00 a.m., one of Manning's correspondents is knocking on Manning's door. The door opens and a woman walks out. A very pretty woman, who quickly disappears down the hall. The stakeout continues. The NBC man is trying to talk Schiiller out. But Schiller is not budging. Instead, he calls the cops. First, a hotel security man appears, then the Salt Lake PD. But NBC is hanging in, not giving ground. Finally, Schiller opens the door and stalks out to his car. The cameras roll. Justice triumphs. Gordon Manning has struck a blow for all of us. "Did you notice his belt?" he says later. "It was made of lizard. You better get that down. *Lizard.*"

So begins a kind of crazy day. As the execution draws nearer, a fine insanity is descending over all of us. A couple of journalist friends and I spend the morning shopping for an "RV"—a big mobile home—in which we can spend the following night in the prison parking lot waiting for the law to shoot Gary Gilmore. In keeping with the spirit of the proceedings, we want our vigil chamber to be as tasteless as possible: lots of putrid-colored shag carpet, a color TV, a stereo tape deck and a wet bar in which we can store prodigious amounts of alcoholic sustenance. A Salt Lake dealer is very accommodating. "You're the fourth group of journalists we've had in today," he says. "What are you having, some kind of convention?" Yes, that's it. Some kind of convention.

We drive out to the prison, where Sad Sam is having his daily press briefing. An ABC producer is badgering him. "Warden," he says, "what we'd like is for you to have a man in this room, with a phone, where we can have a camera on him, so you can call him after the execution, and he can say, 'he's dead.' That's what we really want." Everyone laughs, but the ABC man apparently doesn't get the joke, because he continues, saying, "Can't you give us an exact time on this thing? We have a live show to put on."

Down at the State Office Building in Salt Lake, the Utah Coalition Against the Death Penalty is having a "mass" meeting to protest the execution. Maybe 150 people are there, a lot of kids, a few blacks, some older people in denims, and Shirley Pedler, 28, the executive director of the ACLU in Utah. There are tears in her eyes as she emerges from the meeting. "Goddam them," she mutters, looking at a gathering crowd of pro-death demonstrators. "Goddam them." These have been a rough few months for Shirley Pedler and the small group of lawyers and academics who have been trying to save Gary Gilmore's life. There has been a lot of hate mail, and late-night phone calls from people telling her to mind her own business, trust in the Lord, or, as several of the callers have warned, watch for her life. Gilmore himself, as it happens, has addressed her in an open letter, informing her and all the other "do-gooders" to

"butt out" of his life and let him die. "Shirley, baby, lay off," Gilmore wrote. It hasn't stopped her. None of it has stopped her. But now, less than 36 hours from the execution, she is living in the ragged edge, angry, frustrated, bitter at everyone including herself. We have a drink and the feelings come pouring out. "I have never seen such insanity in my life," she says. "You feel so goddam powerless. You can't do anything to stop what is happening. You can't even make people begin to understand. I was doing a radio talk show recently on this thing, and I was saying that capital punishment was unconstitutional because it violated the 14th Amendment, because it discriminated against the poor and racial minorities. And a woman called in and said, 'What's wrong with that?' How do you deal with people like that? It's impossible to argue with them. You can't communicate. They don't even begin to understand. I want to go up and shake people sometimes."

It is one thing for an outsider to talk about Utahns like that, but Shirley Pedler was born here. Born, bred, educated and raised up in the Mormon faith. Because she is one of "them" it makes her angrier still. "I'm wiped out," she says. "This whole thing has wiped me out. All I seem to do these days is pace back and forth in my office and say goddam it. I'm going a little crazy." I suggest that maybe the whole state is. With all the self-denial, all the no drinking, and no smoking and no screwing, how do they let off steam, I ask. For the first time Shirley Pedler smiles, a tight, bitter little smile. "They schedule executions and call it justice."

Sunday

The Lord's day dawns bright and cold in the land of Zion. At first light, Salt Lake is already stirring. In a few hours, Temple Square will be aswarm with the devout and the curious. A Mormon Elder has invited me to be his guest today at the Visitor's Center. He is a nice, if persistent, man and the invitation, repeated every day, is difficult to refuse. There is mystery here to be uncovered. Besides, he knows Gary Gilmore.

There is a tacit agreement between us: to learn about Gilmore, I must first learn about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. After an hour touring the Visitor's Center, with its dioramas, and talking pictures of Jesus, and films of good Mormons ascending on clouds into heaven, it is difficult to discern which is more bizarre. Just when something the Mormons believe will

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seem reasonable, the Elder will whisper to me, "You know that Jesus is coming down here a lot these days." Trying to look blasé, I reply, "Oh really? As a spirit, I guess." No, my Mormon friend replies. "He's as flesh and blood as you and me. And, lately, he has been coming down a lot. It's up to about once a week now. He visits with the Prophet over there in his office in the temple, and, sometimes, he sees others of us, too." Finally, when the tour has concluded, the Elder says something with which there can be no arguing. "What you have just seen," he says gravely, "is either completely true, or the greatest lie in the history of the world."

The Elder says he genuinely likes Gilmore. As a man, he is someone who, in time, might even become his friend. But it's too late for that. "If a man commits murder, he ought to be sent home," the Elder says. "Our heavenly father knows how to care for him far better than anything we can do for him here. When Gary dies, he'll go to the spirit world, where he'll have the opportunity of coming to know what faith is. It's sort of like a university. There is a lot of teaching going on up there, a lot of instruction. I know he is going to be better off. If I were him, I wouldn't want to live in maximum security either. It's a madhouse. An insane asylum. If the devil has a headquarters here on earth, if he has a command post, an office, it's right over there in maximum security. That's why it's best that we send Gary home."

Send him home. It sounded so gentle. You almost forget for a moment that the means of Gary Gilmore's being sent home would be four high-powered rifle bullets in the heart. But that was a necessary part of Gary Gilmore's going home: his blood had to be shed.

Such is what the Mormons believe, and such was the reason why Gary Gilmore had to be sent home, to that great Brigham Young campus in the sky. I knew the Elder was comforted by the thought of Gary going home, but I wondered whether Gary was as sanguine. When I asked him, the Elder smiled. "He said he would find out after we kill him."

Death watch

When the sun goes down in Utah, people tend to stop what they are doing and stare at it a moment. Something there is about these sunsets that makes them like no other. It is as if the big sky has suddenly exploded, hurling mysterious bolts of radiation down on the mountains, making them glow like precious stones. In these moments, you can sense the vision of the Prophet and hear his words, "This is the Place."

But today, at Point of the Mountain, no one is looking. The people in the cars that hurtle down I-15 past the Utah State Prison are craning for a fleeting glimpse of the platoons of police cars that have parked by the side of the road, their red and blue lights flashing. A mother jerks her child around and points down the ridge, past the police cars and the barbed wire fences, past the parking lot filling up with newsmen and electronic gear, past the guard towers and the laser-aimed miniguns, to the squat concrete building, turning red in the sun. Today, this is the place: maximum security.

The final hours have begun. In the parking lot, where the RV's have encamped, like a colony of outsized aluminum slugs, those of us who will spend the night waiting for Gary Gilmore to die are milling back aimlessly, almost self-consciously, stopping now and again to chat with one another, to look at our watches and gaze back at the people watching us. Justice Byron White has denied the ACLU appeal to stop Gilmore's execution, the radio is saying, but further last-ditch maneuvers are promised throughout the evening. That is hardly news. In fact, there is very little news at all. The promised mass demonstrations against the execution have turned out to be a bust. A small group of clergymen, one thrown egg by a counter-demonstrator (a Mormon Elder, who later tells a reporter he did it "for fun "), and nothing more.

But then Larry Schiller arrives, looking very natty in a tannish suit, and things begin to pick up. First, the cops try to eject him. He remains, after explaining that he is merely there "as a member of the working press." This remark provides some snickers, but not too many, because there are several people here, including some who tell the most vicious stories about Schiller, who would dearly love to buy what he is selling—if he is selling. Already, there is a story circulating that *Playboy* has paid $30,000 for his interview with Gary Gilmore. Later, it will be reported that he has managed to place a tape recorder in Gilmore's visiting room to catch in precise detail his final thoughts before his execution.

The hours pass. Most of the protestors go home. The freeway traffic has dwindled to a trickle. Even the parking lot is deserted of people, as everyone huddles inside their vans. On the second floor of the prison administration building, where Sam Smith delivers his press briefings, a British correspondent is telling his editor by phone of the "circus atmosphere" that prevails outside. It makes for good copy. The truth is far more banal. The atmosphere, if not solemn, is at least restrained, about what one would expect of a group of suburban neighbors spending a quiet Sunday night at home: The television showing *Sonny and Cher*. A frozen pizza cooking in the microwave oven. Four of the boys playing low-stakes seven-card stud. It is almost as if, after the weeks of sensationalism, there is nothing left that can sensate.

And then everything changes. The news comes at eleven o'clock. Willis Ritter, Federal District Court judge in Salt Lake, has agreed to hear an ACLU appeal. The suit, which was filed and denied Friday in state court, argues that

PHOTOGRAPH BY VINNIE FISH/BLACK STAR

Sound effects: "Give me air—you'll be able to hear the shots," ABC's Geraldo Rivera (right) promised his producers, but no shots were heard

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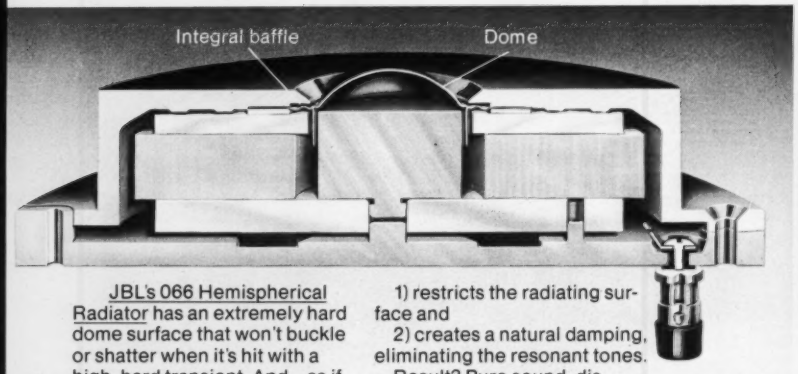

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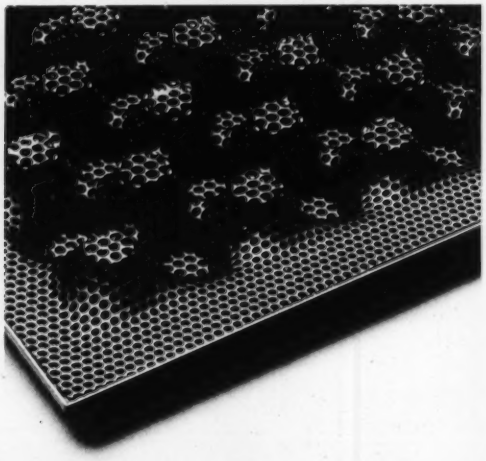

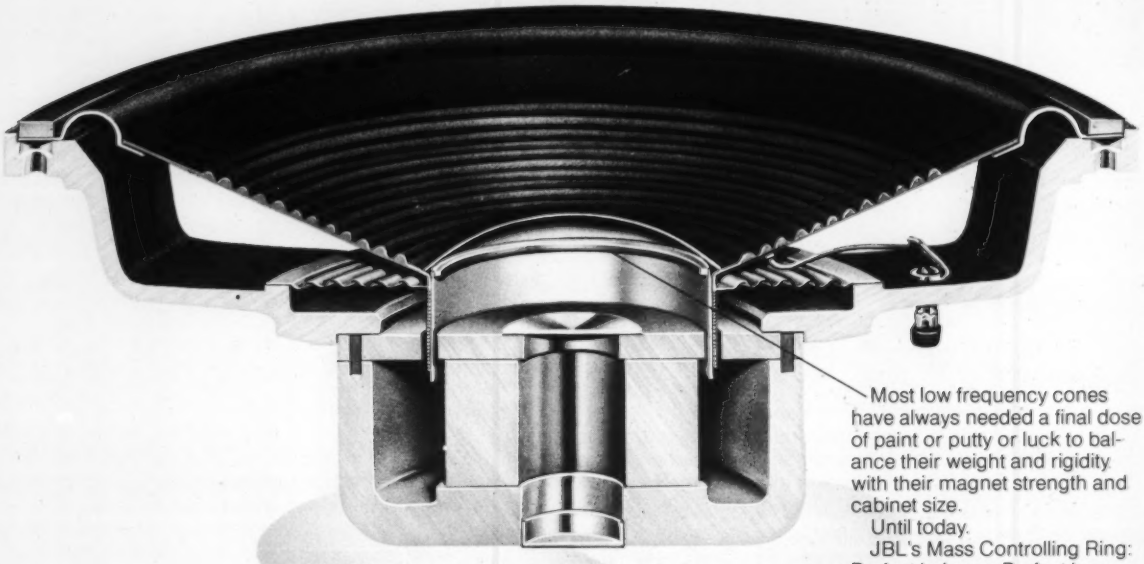

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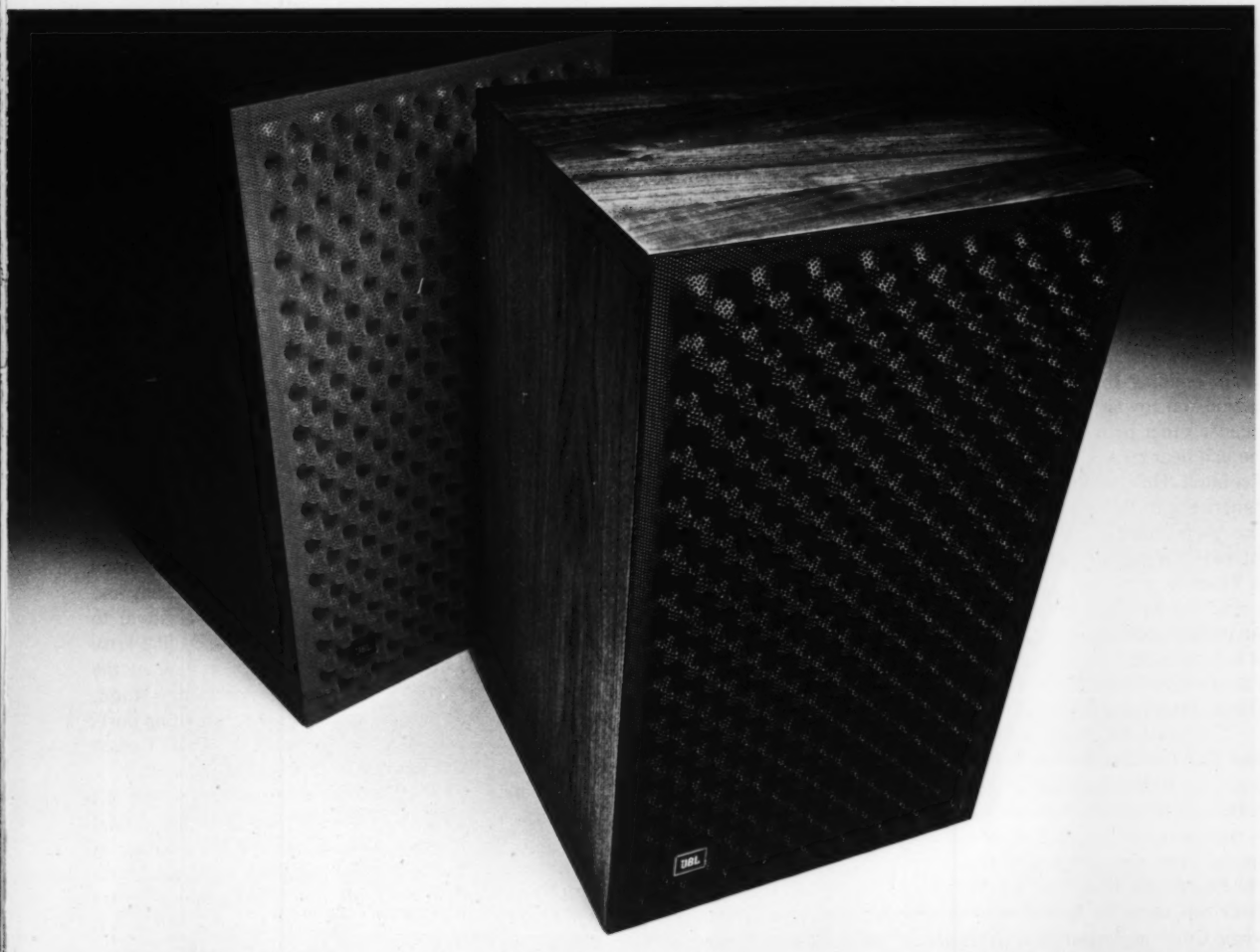

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taxpayers' funds should not be spent to finance an illegal act, namely the execution of Gary Gilmore. With any other federal judge, there wouldn't be a prayer. But Ritter is different. He is crochety, conservative and old, well into his seventies. And he is, from the state's standpoint, dangerously unpredictable. No matter that many of Ritter's decisions are thrown out on appeal. The hour is late. Ritter can gum up everything. As one local reporter puts it: "Ritter hates two things: the Mormon Church and the media. This is his chance to get two birds with one stone."

Gilmore, however, is apparently unconcerned. The hourly briefings on his condition report that he is calm and visiting with relatives. He left his dinner—the "mainline meal" served to all the other prisoners—untouched, save for coffee and milk. The only notable occurrence of the evening was his request that a local country western station play two of his favorite songs: "Valley of the Tears," and "Walking in the Footsteps of Your Mind." The request is honored.

Finally, in the early morning hours, Judge Ritter's decision is announced: Gilmore's execution is stayed. Instant consternation. People running. Shouting across the prison yard. Television lights are snapping, bathing the prison building in a Felliniesque glow. As you run toward the building, simply because other people are running there, you can hear curses. "Goddam that son of a bitch. He's fucked up everything." Tamera Smith, the *Deseret News* reporter who befriended Nicole, seems most put out. "Wouldn't you know it would be Ritter to screw up our story just as it is reaching its climax," she pouts. You can understand Tamera's plight. She has an arrangement with Schiller. If the stay is granted, and the Texas killer is executed first, fame is out the window.

It now becomes a race against time. Can the state move quickly enough to get the 10th Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver to overturn Ritter's decision by the time of the scheduled execution at sunrise—but not so quickly that there will be enough time for the ACLU to check this move by appealing to the Supreme Court in Washington? As it develops, the Utah Attorney General has thought of everything. He has a plane already waiting in Salt Lake, engines warming, ready to speed him to Denver. With luck, the killing of Gary Gilmore will go off like clockwork.

Reporters begin placing bets. The consensus is that Gilmore will not be shot. Ron Stanger, emerging from a visit with Gilmore, agrees. Stanger seems strangely cheerful, almost relieved. He talks sincerely about the joy to be had from the sparing of a human life, then, in the next moment, adds, "Of course this has to be weighed against Gary's wishes." Events are becoming more bizarre by the moment. You want to laugh, and, in fact, you do laugh, because life in God's little valley, where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day, has become so wonderfully, utterly, unredeemably crazy. Oh, Zion. Look upon your works. Look upon them and do the only decent thing. Giggle, you bastard.

We go to sleep that way, most of us do, simply exhausted by the macabre. Even Gary Gilmore has gone back to bed. He is calm, according to the official report. That is what the report is always saying. The condemned man is very calm.

An hour passes, then two more, and then another. And then there is a banging at the door. "The firing squad is coming out," someone shouts. Once again, everyone is running. A hundred yards away, in maximum, a police car, followed by a van, has pulled close to the

"It's the best story there is," says one television reporter. "Like sudden death at the Super Bowl"

gate. Now Sam Smith strides toward the building, erect, determined, coatless, oblivious to the cold. At 7:47, a small party of people emerges from the maximum door. Even at this distance, Gilmore can be seen quite distinctly. He is wearing white pants and a black T-shirt. His hands are manacled in front of him, but he is walking to the van unaided. Now comes the word: Ritter's decision has been overturned. "It all looks pretty good," one of the guards comments. "All that's left now is the paper work," his partner answers.

With the appearance of Gilmore, the reporters become a mob, a herd spooked into stampede. Camera lights tilt crazily up into the air as their bearers struggle to shift them into position. Producers are shouting orders. Directly in front of the prison building, Geraldo Rivera, attired in black leather jacket and jeans and looking cool, the way only Geraldo Rivera can look cool, is shouting into his mike. "Kill the Rona segment. Get rid of it. Give me air. You'll be able to hear the shots. I promise. You'll be able to hear the shots."

Geraldo gets his air. But he doesn't hear the shots. None of us do. The State of Utah kills Gary Mark Gilmore out of sight and silently. We know it is over when the white phone rings on the table where Sam Smith delivers his press briefings. It rings once, and then again. Though the room is packed to overflowing with reporters, the only sound is of that phone and the whirring of the motorized Nikons.

It was kind of a dream after that, a very bad dream. I remember Stanger coming in to talk to us, and crying, and Uncle Vern saying that his nephew "died in dignity," and Larry Schiller, as promised, giving everyone the blow-by-blow. "Let's do it," Gilmore had said, after staring up at the light that illuminated him for the marksmen, and then there had been a "bang-bang-bang." After that, Gilmore jerked up, and then settled down, just like Gus Sorensen said he would. A moment later, the blood had flowed out from under his T-shirt and onto his white pants. Schiller knew we would like those sort of details, and he was right. We all wrote them down.

Afterward, they took us out to "the site," as Sam Smith called it, so we could see for ourselves what had happened. It was a cement block storage shed. Some of the tires and paint cans and bags of cement the prison keeps there had been cleared away, and there was a chair mounted up on a plywood platform. There were three bullet holes near the top of the chair, and, in one of them, you could still see some blood. There was some blood around the ground, too, but most of it had been soaked up before we got there. They had spread around some kind of gravel to take care of the job. It looked like kitty litter. And, yes, we got a look at the black blind where the marksmen stood, 30 feet away. There were shooting ports carefully sewn into it. Gus looked through one of them at me and smiled.

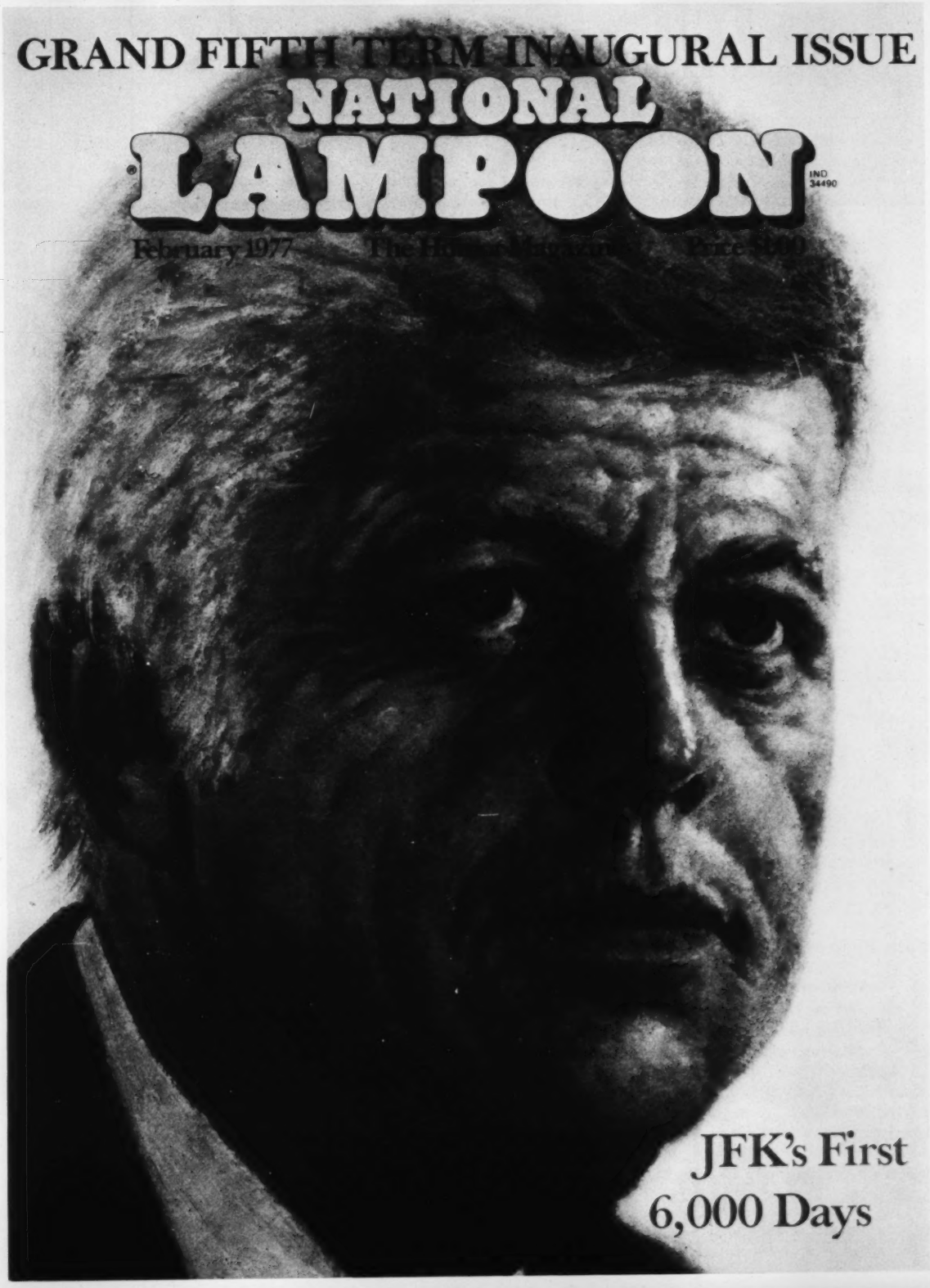
There is a lot more I could tell you, but chances are you have read about it already, or will be seeing it in Larry Schiller's movie. You see, I remember it all very vividly, how the sun looked that night going down, and how it looked coming up, and the colors it made on the mountains. It was very pretty, really.

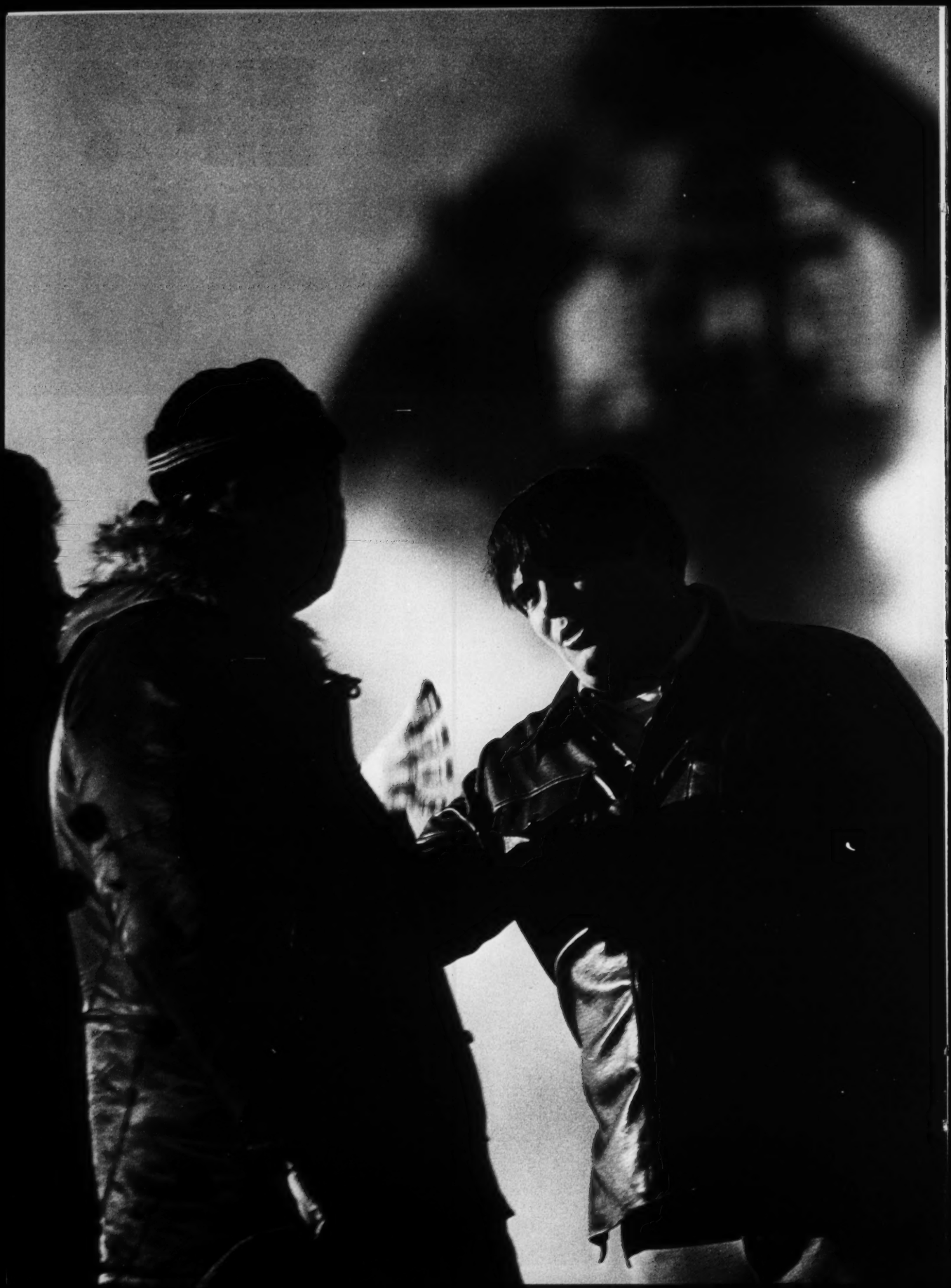
●

On January 18, 1977, in accordance with a final request, the ashes of Gary Mark Gilmore were spread from a plane over the city of Provo, Utah. As Gilmore explained to Larry Schiller a few days before his death: "I want them to never be rid of me."

In its February issue, *National Lampoon* sets out to answer a question that has been on everyone's mind since November 22, 1963...

WHAT IF?





By Stephen Singular

Ed Sadlowski is a rebellious young labor leader at least as interested in workers' spirits as in their pocketbooks. "How many Mozarts," he likes to ask, "are working in steel mills?" Today he is running for the presidency of the largest industrial union in North America. If he wins his uphill race, he will bring a startling new consciousness to the U.S. labor movement

MAN OF STEEL

Twenty years ago, Ed Sadlowski—like his father and grandfather before him—went to work in a steel mill in one of the most relentlessly industrial areas in the world: the southern shore of Lake Michigan. This crescent is rimmed in steel: United States Steel, Bethlehem, Republic, Inland, Youngstown Sheet and Tube. Sadlowski was 18 and just out of the army when he started as an oiler at U.S. Steel's South Works in South Chicago.

"I was one of a work gang," he says, in an Italian-tough accent. "And it was there I began getting exposed to books. There were older guys there, just over from England. They were a very socially conscious group and they gave us books to read. Back then you had time to read. Guys had drawers full of books—everything from dime novels to heavy philosophy and history books. It was like a library. We'd sit around the shanty where ball bearings are made and hold court. We'd argue politics, baseball, unions, everything. It was all workingmen. These guys were well-schooled but not in a school sense. I've always said that the smartest people I've known have been workers in the mills. We had an astronomer; he knew all about the galaxies. We had astute economists. Some were historians. Some were sports buffs. I liked history and labor history. These were guys who had bummed the country in the twenties and thirties as working stiffs. They had a deep social consciousness and a deep perception of what was wrong. This rubbed off on you—it couldn't help but rub off. You started growing; you weren't even aware of it."

For 15 years, Ed Sadlowski has moved relentlessly and rebelliously up through the political hierarchy of the United Steelworkers of America (USWA). Now, he is running for the presidency of the 1.4-million-member union. The election is February 8. If he wins, it will mean that someone who is at least as interested in workers' minds and spirits as in their pocketbooks—"How many Mozarts," Sadlowski likes to ask, "are working in steel mills?"—will be leading the largest industrial union in North America. As his campaign comes to an end, Sadlowski is talking—as he always has—about using labor unions for social change; about altering power relation-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY

ships in factories and about including in the collective bargaining process workers' opinions on steel prices, on how much should be produced, and where factories should be built. Unique among today's labor leaders, Sadlowski talks incessantly about expanding the individual and collective consciousnesses of working-class men and women.

"The only thing the workingman doesn't have nowadays," he says, "is enough leisure time to grow. The worker is exploited all the time by others but never by himself. It's tragic that this tremendous natural resource of people is not used. These guys in the mills can do anything. This is the whole fallacy of all the 'Archie Bunker' bullshit—that all a working guy does is drink beer and yell at his wife and watch a corny-assed television show. This is a stereotype that the media and the bosses create. These working people are as good as anyone in any other class. And this is a class matter. The working class is created to be relegated to do this work forever."

In his early years at South Works, Sadlowski served, in rapid succession, the 10,000-member Local 65 as workman's compensation counselor, community services counselor, chief shop steward, secretary to the local's shop stewards, and as a member of the Political Education Committee. In 1962, he was elected grievance committeeman for the mills' machine shop, foundry and metallurgical lab. The next year he became secretary of the Grievance Committee. Then 26, he was elected president of Local 65. He was reelected two years later and—contrary to custom and requirement—continued working as a machinist while president. In 1964, he was elected to the USWA's International Wage and Policy Committee. On his own, Sadlowski began reading labor history, political history and philosophy. He enrolled in and graduated from the University of Chicago's two-year adult education program. From 1965 to 1971, he worked on the union's Basic Steel Negotiating Committee and then, after 13 years in the mills, he left them when appointed to the staff of the union's International. Working the Chicago area, he organized more union shops than any other representative in his subdistrict. Again, contrary to custom and requirement, Sadlowski submitted all of the contracts he negotiated to a vote by union membership.

By 1973, Sadlowski was running for the directorship of the union's largest district, District 31, in the Chicago-Gary area. His opponent was Sam Evett. Evett was the appointed successor of Joe Germano, who had run the district for 30 years; more important, he was backed by I.W. Abel, the powerful president of the USWA. To insure Sadlowski's defeat, the International refused to provide him with either a list of the polling places or their voting schedules. Votes from one large local were reported three days late. Sadlowski lost 23,394 to 21,606. He charged fraud and the executive board denied the charges. He demanded that the Department of Labor investigate. They did, sued the union and set the election aside. Three hundred labor department officials supervised the next election held in November 1974. Sadlowski won 39,637 to 20,158. Among the first acts of any new director is the appointment of staff, appointments the International must approve. Sadlowski's first recommendation was a black woman. The International said no and has subsequently said no to many more of his recommendations, keeping his possible appointees from power and letting his staff dwindle through attrition.

"If 50,000 kids lay dead in Southeast Asia," says Sadlowski, "it was 50,000 sons of George Meany"

Meanwhile, Abel and his executive board had been steadily raising Sadlowski's ire. In 1975, they voted a sharp increase in monthly union dues and at the same time voted to raise Abel's salary from $60,000 to $75,000 a year. In response, Sadlowski began forming "Steelworkers Fight Back," a group whose purpose was the repeal of the increases in dues and in Abel's salary. Although 800 locals have passed resolutions supporting these moves, nothing has come of the repeal. Steelworkers Fight Back, however, developed into Sadlowski's presidential campaign organization. His decision last September to run was based mostly on his growing sense of powerlessness as a reforming, pariah director.

Over the years, the power structure of the USWA has become bureaucratic (1500 people work for *it*) and resistant not only to change but to challenge. Sadlowski represents both. He is not only anti-Abel, but anti-Meany ("a man," Sadlowski says, "who has spent most of his adult life chasing shadows") and anti many of the political opinions that have come to be associated with large labor unions. He makes no secret of his sentiments, which he often repeats in front of any reporter or television camera:

"You can't be a unionist and a racist."

"If 50,000 kids lay dead in Southeast Asia, it was 50,000 sons of George Meany."

"Many labor leaders today have become so rich and conservative that it's hard to tell the difference between them and the guys who run those big multinationals. They view the union as their personal gravy train for their fat salaries and White House ham and eggs."

"I don't even want to be a bastard child of I.W. Abel's 'official family.'"

Abel himself, now 68, is mandatorily retiring after 12 years as USWA president; but his entrenched "official family" is well prepared to fight Sadlowski's candidacy. Abel's "family" includes the USWA's executive board; his hand-picked successor, 60-year-old Lloyd McBride, the St. Louis district director who is Sadlowski's election opponent; Bredhoff, Cushman, Gottesman & Cohen, a Washington law firm with perhaps the finest labor legal staff in the nation; and a high-powered Washington public relations firm. Months ago, the International's union headquarters mailed letters from Pittsburgh to most of the union's 25 districts and 800 staff representatives requesting, for McBride's cause, $300 contributions apiece, "if not more."

Sadlowski's camp is made up of mostly small groups of active dissidents scattered across the continent. If the dissidents lack established power, they would seem to have momentum on their side. In 1976, many of them supported insurgent candidates, sympathetic to Sadlowski, who won local union elections in Illinois, Indiana, California and even Pennsylvania—prime Abel territory. Eighty percent of Sadlowski's current campaign funds have come from the rank and file—from union rallies and raffles, from bingo games and beer busts. His other money, individual contributions, is being raised in part by Victor Reuther, brother and coworker of the late Walter Reuther, longtime president of the United Automobile Workers. Sadlowski's legal staff is not a firm but a potpourri of young and old labor lawyers, led by Joe Rauh, working gratis. Depending on the day, between 8 and 10 campaign staff members (steelworkers, ex-steelworkers and other volunteers) work at Sadlowski headquarters—five

Stephen Singular last wrote for New Times *on Christo's "Running Fence."*

noisy, crowded rooms full of worn-through couches and thumbed telephone books, located in South Chicago over Roma's Restaurant.

Labor disputes are rarely gentlemen's disagreements; when reformer Joseph Yablonski ran for the presidency of the United Mine Workers in 1969, he, his wife and daughter were murdered, apparently on orders from incumbent president Tony Boyle. If the campaign against Sadlowski has not reached homicidal proportions, it has been violent. Last spring, *Steel Labor*, the union newspaper, began its election campaign with an attack on Victor Reuther. In July, a laid-off steelworker, Ben Corum, was handing out Sadlowski campaign literature in front of the Hughes Tool Company in Houston. Corum was shot through the neck. He is recovering. Jack Russell was also distributing Sadlowski leaflets in Houston at Armco Steel. He was beaten by the Armco union president. During the recent USWA 18th Constitutional Convention in Las Vegas, another Sadlowski supporter, Cliff Mezo, was slugged in the face. One afternoon at the convention, people handing out McBride literature were also handing out a tabloid published by an instantly formed organization called SMART (Steelworker Members Against a Radical Takeover). The sheet said, in part, "We already know the tone of attack to come by the ridiculous slanders circulated at our convention doors. The loud group will beat our gates soon. . . . They'll be working behind our backs in the coming weeks with their distortions, slanders, and lies. . . . We must gather up all the Commie papers and other left-wing stuff that has been put out at the convention and take it home with us so we can show our members the type of movement that is trying to take over our union."

In I. W. Abel's farewell address in Las Vegas, he never mentioned Sadlowski by name but he repeatedly railed at the "outsiders" trying to seize control of the steelworkers' union. He called them "errand boys in your next election." He charged them with telling "Hitler-type lies." To a standing ovation, he said of the dissidents, "We don't want you! We can't afford you! And we're not about to surrender our union to you! . . . Anyone who tries to tear down what it has taken a lifetime to build will have to contend with I. W. Abel. And let me tell you that with your help there is still enough fight left in your president to stop them in their tracks."

Sadlowski and his people sat quietly through Abel's speech and through most of the convention. "Las Vegas," one delegate said after the convention, "was rigged from the start—99.6 percent of the union wasn't represented there and what was there was hand-picked by Abel. He's a gavel master. He ran the convention like a Munich beer hall putsch."

Sadlowski has requested, unsuccessfully, that the Department of Labor supervise the election. He will try to have many of his own people watching the polling places. One of Sadlowski's legal staff has begun privately investigating the origins of the activities of SMART and the anti-Sadlowski violence. Should Sadlowski lose and decide to take the election results to court, this attorney's findings would be used as evidence. "It's not simply that union headquarters and McBride control the power of the purse," says the lawyer. "It's that this activity is plugged into the whole organized labor establishment. The people in power will do *anything* to stay in power. They're pulling out the big guns of the AFL-CIO and they're hosing down the staff for money. Some of this is illegal and all of it's ominous. The guys on the inside have put together a muscle squad against Sadlowski. When they turn all this loose on him, it begins to look like another Watergate."

In his farewell address to the steelworkers convention, I.W. Abel accused the Sadlowski forces of "Hitler-type lies." A Sadlowski delegate charged that Abel "ran the convention like a Munich beer putsch"

In the presidential campaign, McBride has run largely on Abel's record, a strong one in terms of wage increases. When Abel went to work in the 1930s as a laborer at Timken Roller Bearing in Canton, Ohio, steelworkers were making just over $5.00 a day. Today, they make $7.78 an hour, or, depending on overtime, $14-18,000 a year. A laid-off steelworker is now guaranteed 85 percent of his annual take-home pay.

Sadlowski, running on his own, has been trying to make hand-to-hand contact with as many workers as possible: a complex affair because of the union's 5,360 locals spread throughout the U.S., Canada and Puerto Rico. Campaigning, Sadlowski is concentrating on a few basic issues: he is for more stringent health and safety laws; he opposes the current 20 percent unemployment rate (275,000 people) in the steel industry; he believes all steelworkers should be guaranteed employment during the life of a contract; and along with McBride, he favors a shorter work week. But mostly Sadlowski is for union democracy. His platform is simple because it is simply democratic. It promises workers the right to make those decisions that most closely affect their lives

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. STEIN/CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. RITO/CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

The Establishment: I.W. Abel (right) and Lloyd McBride, his hand-picked heir apparent, currently lead USWA's "official family"

and it helps force them to make those decisions themselves. Sadlowski is for the workers' right to vote their own contracts, their right to vote their own dues structure and their right to strike.

Sadlowski's campaign ideas are, in part, a reaction to Abel's performance as USWA president. Elected to office in 1965 as the rank-and-file candidate, Abel decided against the union membership's right to vote ratification of labor contracts (a right possessed by both the United Automobile Workers and the United Mine Workers). In 1971, after meeting secretly with steel company executives for five years, Abel began pushing a productivity drive. Full-page ads in *Time, Newsweek* and the *Wall Street Journal* (paid for by the steel companies) carried portraits of Abel and quoted him on the benefits of the drive. Steelworkers had no say in sanctioning the new program. During the first three months of the productivity drive, disabling injuries among workers rose 25 percent; by 1973, the jobs of 40,000 steelworkers had been permanently eliminated.

In 1973, Abel signed with the steel companies the Experimental Negotiating Agreement (ENA) under which the 516,000 workers in Basic Steel (the largest of four USWA divisions) were to be given a $150 bonus at the start of each three-year contract and in return for which they relinquished their right to strike. The agreement, though never voted on by the membership of Basic Steel, will be in effect until at least 1980. Many steelworkers, including Sadlowski, opposed ENA from the start; Abel publicly labeled them "a cancer in our midst."

To Sadlowski, Abel's unilateral agreements with steel management have been morally and ideologically wrong. "The trade union movement," he says, "is the most viable force for change the working class has in this country. Workers have been stripped of that force by their leadership. I don't think that I. W. Abel is an evil man, not at all. He's not the stereotypical corrupt labor leader who wears a camel coat and smokes a cigar. But he's been used time and again by the bosses and he doesn't even know it. And McBride is cut from exactly the same cloth. They do things that are expedient, that they can always rationalize and that hurt.

"Everything Abel's done he believes is for a good cause. I respect that. The tragedy is that he doesn't know what the hell he's doing. When labor historians—and I'm not talking about the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Chicago Tribune* or *Business Week*—when real labor historians look back at the ENA, I guarantee you they will say that Abel was a zero. It really concern me, *more* than concerns me, when a trade union leader signs an agreement and the *Wall Street Journal* hails it. That tells me instinctively that it's not for the worker. Contrary to all the chamber of commerces and all the 'mutual trusteeship' ideas, labor's role with management is an adversary role. If it isn't adversary, then why have bosses? Why have dual standards? Why can a foreman get sick and have his salary paid, but the worker gets sick and misses one day and loses his pay? A boss takes a day off and it's a vacation. A worker does this and he gets disciplined. *That's* adversary.

"Should these conditions be? The answer is no. Should we change this? The answer is yes. Will I change this? Yes. But only by extending the economic power of the worker. Our role with management has to be adversary. *They* make it adversary. And anybody who doesn't think this is so is just a fool or a company fink. The bosses'll tell you we're all one big happy family. And Abel believes this. U.S. Steel uses the workingman as a tool for profit. If you think otherwise, you're crazy."

"Everything Abel's done," says Sadlowski, "he believes is for a good cause. The tragedy is that he doesn't know what the hell he's doing"

South Chicago, where Ed Sadlowski was born in 1938, has remained his home. The two-story brown brick house, where he lives with his wife Marlene and their four children, is a 20-minute walk from U.S. Steel's South Works; his basement is stuffed with books on labor history, with old union posters, union songs and copies of union speeches delivered in the 1930s.

The area surrounding South Works is definitively working class. Weeds are more prominent than lawns. On public playgrounds, the basketball nets are made of steel. The neighborhood names reflect the ambiance: Irondale, Slag Valley, Bessemer Park. The people are Poles, Italians, Slavs (three generations in South Chicago), blacks and Hispanics (one or two generations).

South Works itself covers 560 acres along Lake Michigan and employs 8,500 people in three shifts (10,500 people "in good times"). It never closes. The air around the plant stinks, like raw, rotten eggs mingled with acid and dust; the sky above, on clear days, is pink or yellow. Barry Commoner reports that the air between South Works and Republic Steel, 28 blocks away, contains more carcinogens than any other air in Chicago. Government studies have shown that among steelworkers in many sections of the plants, the risk of emphysema, lung cancer and other lung-related diseases is ten times higher than among the general population.

Sadlowski now works in a large, paneled office above a bank in East Chicago, Ind. His job as director of District 31 involves mostly listening to complaints, sorting complaints, acting on complaints and otherwise administering the daily business of his district's 130,000 members. The atmosphere in his office could be described as one of insurmountable frustration.

Across the street from the district office is Marshall's Bar, where Sadlowski sometimes retreats after work. One evening not long ago, he and three friends, retired steelworkers, stood at the bar at Marshall's, chasing whiskey with beer, and reminiscing. "Everybody in America," said one of the men, red-faced and fiery, "remembers Al Capone's Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago. But nobody but labor remembers that on Memorial Day in '37, ten workers were gunned down, killed, fighting for their rights at Republic Steel."

Their voices rising, the men talked boxing. Sadlowski leaned on the bar, bobbed and weaved, laughing, unwinding on his own turf. He can look mean, but usually he looks tired—though not resigned. He's a big, handsome man with shrewd green eyes that counterpoint a boyish smile. When he sits down, his belly lies down and he fills out the whole of his navy blue slacks and blue-and-white flowered shirt.

In a bar, the contradictions of Sadlowski's life and personality emerge. He speaks against sexism in the plants, yet here, relaxing with his friends, he is a caricature of macho. He is arduously self-educated and perhaps even more intelligent than some of his friends. But he has come from their ranks and he needs their support. As a political leader, Sadlowski must play two roles and play them well. Having lived the workers' lives, and grown beyond them, he must remain one of them and yet he must lead. When he speaks to workers or to the press, it is obvious that he harbors ideas which, spelled out in academic political science phrases, would disturb many of

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT GUMPERT

Sadlowski and the boys: He speaks against sexism in the plants, but in a bar he is a caricature of macho

the people he hopes to lead. Put, however, into his working-class language, put in the context of daily injustices and problems, his ideas don't sound that novel or radical; on the contrary, to many union members they sound refreshing and promising.

"I think Sadlowski has done more to educate steelworker opinion than anyone in the last 35 years," says a smelter at South Works. "He's made us aware of our union and its function. He's shown us that we're getting fucked by it. He can change the attitude of a lot of people at the top if he gets there."

Says another worker, "I want somebody at the top who has worked in the mills lately. Somebody who knows the conditions *now*. Abel worked as a millwright 30 years ago. Man, the people want a change. Eddie's a change. And I think he has a good chance to win if they don't steal the election."

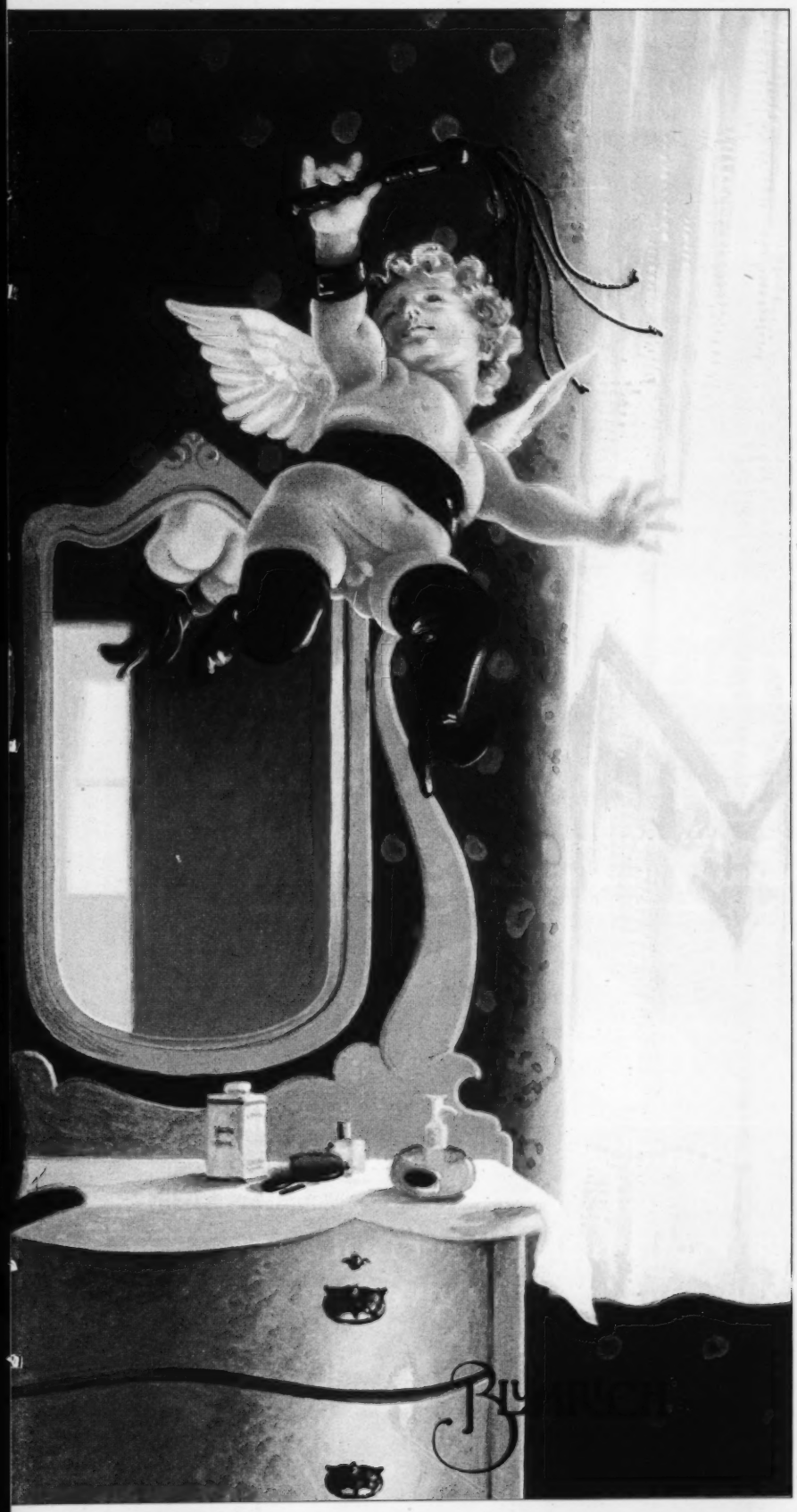
Sadlowski himself says that "the union hierarchy is adamantly opposed to fair elections," and he assumes that this election will not be fair. But his problems in the last days of the campaign may go deeper. In a suit filed by Lloyd McBride, Sadlowski has been charged with accepting employer contributions, which are prohibited by both federal law and union rules. Sadlowski admits accepting money from a few individual employers, but from no corporate or business entities outside the steel industry. A month before the election, George Meany broke his own rule against becoming involved in the internal politics of a union affiliate and also charged Sadlowski with accepting illegal and "unethical" campaign contributions. Meany said that Sadlowski's nonunion contributors include businessmen and academics, and accused these "outsiders" of trying to control USWA politics and policies. (Sadlowski replied, "I'd suggest that George Meany take a page from I.W. Abel's book and go on pension.")

Potentially more damaging—or beneficial—are Sadlowski's own outspoken convictions. In an article he wrote for the *Boston Globe* in mid-December, Sadlowski said that "wasteful expenditures for defense" must be stopped, and referred to the "hideous overkill capacity" of U.S. arms. He charged that the defense budget contains "hidden subsidies to incompetent big businesses like Lockheed," and he said that labor leaders "cannot mindlessly defend unnecessary and exorbitant programs like the B-1 bomber simply because it will generate some jobs." The Abel/McBride forces say, and hope, that Sadlowski's "soft-line" views on defense policy will offend thousands of anti-Soviet steelworkers of East European background.

Working chronicler and commentator Studs Terkel, who has for years followed Sadlowski's progress, sees the candidate and election this way: "Eddie represents what labor hasn't had since the start of the cold war. He's young and he's fresh. And he'll come out and say George Meany's a shit. He also knows that Abel's playing footsie with the big boys when Abel takes away the workers' right to strike. Eddie reflects the rank-and-file feeling. He believes in them having a say and he can help give them a whole new consciousness. I don't know what his chances are in this election—I'd say it's fifty-fifty. These guys he's up against aren't Tony Boyle, but they do feel their hierarchy is threatened. I think Eddie's biggest need now is a bodyguard.

"If Eddie wins, it will be the end of Meanyism and all that cold war crap in America. This election is much more important than Ford and Carter."●

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPH BLUMRICH



S&M

IT'S TAKEN QUITE A WHILE FOR THE DOCTRINE OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE TO GET TO THE U.S., BUT THESE DAYS EVIDENCE OF "BRUTALITY CHIC" IS EVERYWHERE—IN BEDROOMS, ON MOVIE SCREENS, EVEN BETWEEN THE COVERS OF VOGUE

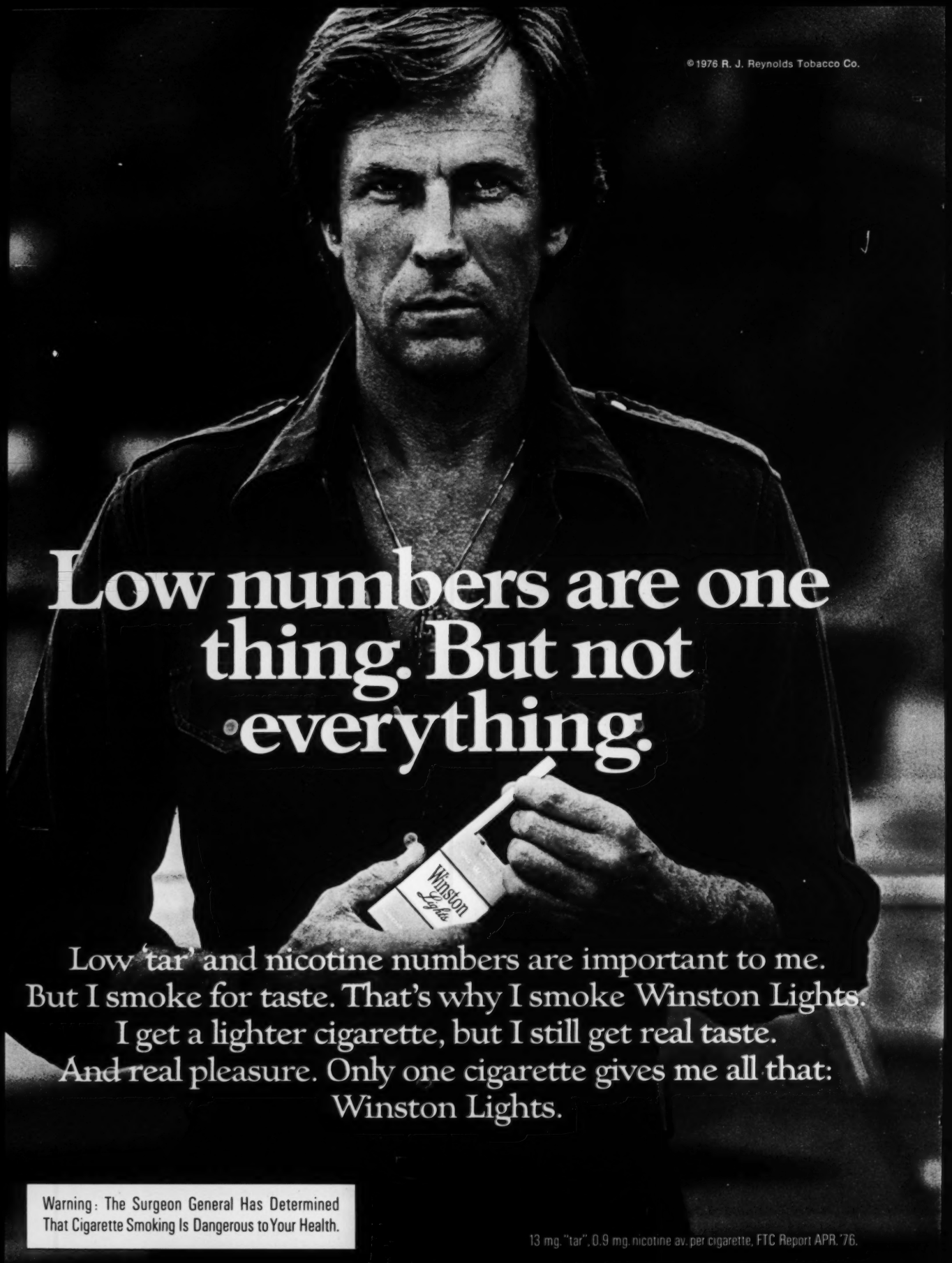
BY JUDITH COBURN

The glamorous blond and her dark, intense young lover cavort through the fountains and terraces of the Fort Worth Water Garden, kissing, caressing and chasing each other. Suddenly they quarrel—he seizes her upper arm, twisting it viciously, then belts her with his fist, almost knocking her flat.

The scene would make a perfect propaganda photo for a feminist tract against wife beating in the upper classes. But no, it's a classy "scenario for modern lovers"—a *Vogue* fashion spread by none other than the brilliant fashion photographer and portraitist Richard Avedon. But don't worry. Flip the page from the lovely model in her $140 peach-colored John Anthony jumpsuit (with her boyfriend's fist crashing off her jaw) and you're reassured: the lovers are again at play, flirting, pursuing and embracing. Or how about this further kink: the enormous billboard erected on Sunset Boulevard in L.A. to tout the Rolling Stones' most recent album *Black and Blue*, featuring a woman in a lace corset and bruised face, bound hand and foot. To drive it home even further, the billboard embellished: "I'm black and blue for the Rolling Stones and I *love* it."

What's going on here? Certainly there's always been an SM scene, at least since the French Revolution when libertine radical the Marquis de Sade whiled away his time in prison fantasizing unspeakable (to anyone else) sexual atrocities between men and women and plotting the overthrow of religion and the state by the power to shock and offend.

But commencing last winter and climaxing in late fall, American culture


© 1976 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Low numbers are one thing. But not everything.
Winston Lights
Low 'tar' and nicotine numbers are important to me.
But I smoke for taste. That's why I smoke Winston Lights.
I get a lighter cigarette, but I still get real taste.
And real pleasure. Only one cigarette gives me all that:
Winston Lights.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

has been an active partner in an orgy of "brutality chic." *Swept Away*. Passion born of a heady mix of sex, violence and decadence. Surrender. Sex and power. Domination and submission. Even . . . SM!

Whispered *Vogue* in February, "People are talking about . . . Perversions, and a woman writer . . . confided, 'What's coming up big *is* perversions. An editor gave me a list of them, and SM was the *sweetest*.'" *Women's Wear Daily* reported that The Beautiful People were flocking to a wharf-side, hard-core SM bar called "The Anvil" where "fist-fucking" (one man inserting his fist up another man's ass) is the main attraction. In the art world, a conceptual artist named Chris Burden, whose works deal with mutilation, was all the rage. Giorgio Sant' Angelo inaugurated his men's wear collection with an SM theme: a spoof of black leather, studs and storm-trooper boots. Fashion photographer Deborah Turbeville's Marat/Sade-style work was in all the magazines, and many New York department stores pirated her themes for their window displays. (Bloomingdale's titled its annual underwear catalog "Sighs and Whispers" and filled it with what *New York* magazine breathlessly described as "smoldering-satin-eroticism, triple-bedded double entendres, Stepford wifery, Bergman heavy breathing and *Story of O*-isms.") The hip rock scene, whose Alice Coopers, Mick Jaggers, Frank Zappas and groups like Led Zeppelin and MC-5 had always dabbled with sex and violence, spawned a new generation of outfront SMers: groups like The Dictators and The Tubes.

It was only a matter of time before SM began moving out of the closets of the hard-core porn houses, sex shops, stroke mags and the sniggering gossip columns of the sexual avant-garde into mass cult vehicles like the popular movie houses and *Penthouse*, *Playboy* and *Cosmo*. A score of soft core, big-budget porn films with SM themes were released, among them *The Story of O*, *The Story of Joanna*, *Exhibition* and *The Image*. *Cosmo* almost swooned over *O*, calling it "sensuous and oddly lyrical." *Penthouse* ran SM fashion spreads, and then, for Valentine's Day, a heavy SM fantasy of two women, leathered, bound, cuffed and gagged, with one woman seemingly grinding her stiletto heel into the eye of her playmate. *Playboy* featured the handcuffs and fireman regalia so popular with SM freaks.

By fall, it seemed everyone was getting into the act. Magazines were full of articles about rape fantasies and whether dominating men were still in vogue (even among feminists). Lina Wertmuller's two films, *Swept Away* and *Seven Beauties*, which featured such SM staples as sexual slavery, beatings, rape of a bound mental patient, Nazi regalia and even a shit drowning, were packing movie theaters all over America. In November a frankly pro-SM propaganda "love story," *Maîtresse*, by respected French producer and documentary maker Barbet Schroeder, opened at chic legitimate cinemas. Feminist writer Lois Gould's new book, *A Sea Change*, featured a pure SM (and racist) fantasy of rape by a powerful black gunman. The hot-selling how-to sex book *Fantasex: A Book of Erotic Games for the Adult Couple* supplied scenarios and roles such as "cruel empress," "slave girl (or boy)," "Victorian school master," "novice nun" or "Nazi officer" to those with limp imaginations. Even Dear Abby was getting letters asking if a housewife should comply with her husband's request to dress up in black stockings.

If you're into SM, mere sex is just so much low-grade, window-box grass. You can have, instead, the rush of violating "the last taboo"

Cooler heads may well ask whether all this call to kink is actually being heeded in America's bedrooms and motels. Short of a Kinsey study on the subject, it's hard to say. Journalists like Morton Hunt and Daniel Greenberg, plying the country, taking our sexual temperature (both for *Playboy*), report more people *are* doing it, but fewer than the media obsession might suggest. Prostitutes claim their customers are fascinated by SM, but then they always have been. SM mail-order houses in California and the Midwest and hard-core sex shops in New York report more requests for SM regalia. New York's Pleasure Chest, a chic sex shop with branches in Greenwich Village and on the well-heeled upper East Side, says sales of SM toys are way up, and claims that two-thirds of their customers are heterosexual couples. The new soft-porn SM movies are packed, and more couples are showing up at hard-core flicks. At least one new SM magazine, *Brut*, has started as a result of the fad, and is the first to be sold on newsstands, not in porn shops; it is selling even better than expected.

Outlaws and Merry Spanksters

Penetrating the SM scene is like trying to nuzzle up to acid freaks or Hare Krishnas. It's a cult world of adventurers with its own self-justifying ideology, jargon, rituals and in-groups. One sect revolves around scuzzy gay leather bars. In San Francisco, they line Folsom Street. In New York, they're snuggled cheek-to-cheek with the deserted piers on the city's lower West Side. It's at bars like The Anvil or Eagle's Nest that gay SM disciples can connect, either on the dance floor, in a back room or among the forbidding piers outside. It is a male sex scene, anonymous, exhibitionist, hard-edged and sometimes violent. Many homosexuals are appalled or frightened by it. Until recently—because it's the most public SM scene and because it conveniently reinforces many heterosexuals' homophobia—it's been the focus of media attention on SM.

But just as many heterosexuals, probably more, are into SM. In New York last fall you could meet some of them and a few of their gay friends at the Wednesday meetings of the Eulenspiegel Society (an offshoot of the Masochists' Liberation Front), upstairs in a ramshackle little gay church on 14th Street. Eulenspiegel's president, a short but powerfully built black photographer named Jackson, admonishes the guests and members at the start of each meeting, "This is a *forum* for the discussion of domination and submission, popularly known as SM. This is not a sex, makeout or swingers club. Instead you should come here to seek understanding with each other, to come out of the closet at least here, and to be honest and not ashamed about 'those other ways of love.'"

Eulenspiegel, now five years old, but expanding rapidly only in the last year, is named after the German fairy-tale merry prankster Till Eulenspiegel because of a byzantine connection SMers make between some of Eulenspiegel's attitudes and masochism.

Many Eulenspiegelers make arguments about SM that parallel those made by gay liberation groups about homosexuality. They believe we *all* have covert SM desires and disguised SM relationships. "Hell, it's a dog-eat-dog, SM *world*," they're fond of saying. "Normality" is an inherently repressive notion, the enemy of true sexual liberation. Anyway, society has no business med-

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dling in people's sex lives. SMers should get in touch with themselves, stop feeling guilty and be proud of themselves. After all, those squares out there are just too repressed to "get in touch with their *true* natures." Eulenspiegelers are the true adventurers, outlaws, the only ones willing to risk The Trip. The Eulenspiegel Society, meanwhile, is racked by the same kinds of debates that all sexual liberation groups suffer: whether celebrating SM calls undue attention to it and invites more repression, whether it's a civil rights group or a liberation group and whether unhappy SMers should be encouraged to get rid of their guilt or their SM.

At each meeting, Jackson struggles with the SM image problem with jokes, admonitions, dark hints and pure flackery. "A lotta people sit in the back because they think something awww-ful's gonna happen and they don't want it to happen to *them*. So we make it a policy to pick victims from the back! There are seats in the back, ladies—if not, knock some M off one." Pause. "But make sure he's an M!"

This particular Wednesday, it's "toy" night at Eulenspiegel. Up in front of the rickety rows of folding chairs is the evening's guru: a shrimpy, ferret figure of a rookie cop from northern New Jersey who calls himself Mark Anthony. In the rapid patter of a used car salesman he advertises a veritable executioner's bag of tricks: dog-chain collars that choke with resistance, black rubber and woodblock gags, stainless-steel handcuffs, black leather "arm sheets for ladies" that bind both arms together ("I'm more into restraint than pain, folks"), painted clothespin nipple clamps ("for a little ecstatic discomfort"), black leather vests, jackets and boots, plus a black hood with blinders, gag and ear plugs ("to shut off all sensation") and a blackjack ("stings like hell"). He's sorry that he couldn't fit his collection of whips into his black plastic airline bag.

Questions and comments from consumers in the audience. Where'd he get those handcuffs? They look heavier than the ones from the Pleasure Chest. Too bad, folks, they're police issue. A middle-aged, graying zealot describes how to build stocks that can be concealed with a tablecloth and how to disguise the hooks he uses to string up his lovers with hanging plants. "But you really ought to see my best toy—a basement right out of Edgar Allan Poe—piles of gear and even water oozing from the ceiling!" A man behind me whispers to his boyfriend, "What's *his* name?" "Shhh. He's straight anyway!"

Selling with SM: Moving out of the sex-shop closets

After the toys, the some hundred-odd guests and members hunker down in a circle for "consciousness raising" and further advertisements for the self. And it just keeps coming; each person describes his or her sexual predilection, every grungy, fearful, eye-popping, groin-buzzing, mind-blowing thing you've ever fantasized of doing. Plus some things you probably *haven't* thought of. But to hear them tell it, they're actually doing it. And celebrating it!

Eavesdrop, voyeurs. People who have done what Marlon Brando did to Maria Schneider in *Last Tango*. Spankers and spankees. Men who dress up like maids. Women who tie up their boyfriends and the guys who love it. A lesbian drag "king." And further into it: men and women with their nipples, penises and vaginas pierced by rings. People "into heavy pain." A sprinkling of happy folks into "water sports" or "golden showers" (being pissed on)—and even those whose idea of fun is enemas and defecation. And one guy who says he can get off only by acting out the master/slave thing—flagellation, the whole bit—*alone:* "With myself it's religious, but as soon as someone else is brought in, it's . . . commercial." "Relax and enjoy it!" shouts someone from the rear.

What actually possesses people to get into B&D (bondage and domination: being tied up, handcuffed, masked or using any other kinds of restraints or "disciplines") or pain (the classic gist of SM: getting pleasure from the giving or receiving of pain) or even just the symbolic SM theater of cruelty? An answer to that virginal question is about as easy to get as a play-by-play account of an acid trip or a road map to nirvana. SM fans throw out a couple of pop Freudianisms like: if you're handcuffed, you don't have to feel guilty about all the dirty goings on (and anyway you're being punished for it, too); or, if your well-intentioned parents or teacher spanked you a lot when you were a kid, you grow up confusing pain and attention (love) or sex and discipline. But most Eulenspiegelers just say they've always had SM fantasies, and prefer to turn the conversation to why you haven't gotten it together to vent *yours*. After all, if SM is

"normal," who cares if you do it because of your relationship with Mom or Dad?

If you're into SM, mere fucking is just so much low-grade, window-box grass. You can have instead the drama of Nazi or Hell's Angel regalia, the theater of the scene you've set, the animal feel of tight leather or rubber, the illusion of unrestrained mayhem, the scent of fear in the air, the rush of violating "the last taboo." The Outlaw, imagination run riot, taking every physical risk, violating all society's moral and sexual laws.

Says a young sadist, "When I'm into it, whipping her, watching her flesh turn colors, leaping around in a passion fever, orchestrating it, watching her go crazy with desire, the adrenalin's racing around. The only thing in the world is sex, I'm *stoned* on sex." A lesbian explains the submissive experience: "It's like the time I slipped on the edge of a cliff and fell until I grabbed a ledge hanging a hundred feet above rocks and water. The flesh was ripped off my hands, but the rush was incredible. I wasn't feeling pain, though, just being overtaken by anticipation, fear and exhilaration. What would happen? Would I survive? For weeks afterward, when I thought of what I'd *endured*, I'd feel dizzy with my own power." Both sides talk about the bondage or pain as some superior form of commitment and devotion: "knowing that she trusts me enough to let me do that to her, and that she loves me *that much*—to be willing to suffer for our love."

Most SM scenes, in fact (especially among heterosexuals), involve people who already know each other—preferably love each other, according to Eulenspiegelers. Exactly what's going to happen, and how much, is either worked out ahead of time, or the two people have some signal about when to stop (amidst the *playful* screams of agony). But wait. This hardly conforms to the square image of the mad, sadistic kidnapper with total power over his helpless victim, strapping her to the tracks in front of the onrushing train of his compulsions. And sexually, ecstasy in SM often means trying *not* to have an orgasm—the ultimate control trip over the body *and* the lover who's trying to make you come. Says one sadist: "Often I don't have orgasms—the point is for my submissive to have one—the more pleasure I give the more control I have over the situation and our relationship."

And the fellow with the muscle—the sadist—he's in control, right? Not to hear most masochists talk—once, that is, they've finished with the "joys of submission" stuff and talk *turkey*. The masochist can feel in control in any number of ways, because it's what the masochist wants and how much she or he can endure that "sets the scene," even though the sadist is the "active" partner. Endurance, self-discipline and postponement of orgasm give a masochist ample opportunity to feel superior to the sadist.

So in spite of all the rhetoric about unrestrained passions, I began to feel as if the SM relationship is a pact between two people to reassure each: "I'm in control here." The sadist gets the power to inflict, the masochist the power of endurance. Eulenspiegel meetings surrender constantly to esoteric debates about whether a person can be both a "dominant" and a "submissive" (a "switchable"), whether the role one plays in the bedroom is the one you play in the world, and what exactly *is* a true dominant or submissive. At "happy hour" before meetings, Eulenspiegelers gossip about such-and-such a submissive who's so demanding in her dependence that she's really a dominant, or whether a female can *really* be a true dominant.

A female sadist: "All women have been abused by men. Now I can get back for it all"

There seemed to be a lot more Hegelian head tripping than sexual mind blowing going on.

The Story of O

Dan Chasen, editor of the new SM magazine *Brut*, is amenable to taking a few hours off from *The Leather Handbook* or the newest issue of *Water and Power* to speculate on the SM glut in the media. To Chasen, it was only a matter of time before Americans, weaned on films like Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs*, would join their obsessions with sex and violence and discover SM. "The media assumes everyone's jaded, they want bigger and fancier orgasms, so it progresses naturally from oral sex to threesomes to SM. For the flicks, of course, it's very visual and dramatic." Chasen also traces the SM fad to the decadence in English rock and roll and what he calls "gay chic": "The sexual avant-garde sees homosexuals as more sexually liberated and precocious than straights. It was only a matter of time before the gay SM subculture got discovered."

"But if SM is anything but a media fad, it's because of people like Alex Comfort," says Chasen. In Comfort's runaway best seller, *The Joy of Sex*, is a "Sauces and Pickles" section cheerfully including bondage, boots, chains, discipline, harnesses, leather, masks and the "wet look." Of bondage *Joy* propagandized, "It's one unscheduled sex technique which a lot of people find extremely exciting but are scared to try, and a venerable human resource for increasing sexual feeling, partly because it's a harmless expression of sexual aggression—something we badly need, our culture being very uptight about it. . ."

The problem is that the marketeers of the SM fad are misrepresenting SM to make it more palatable to more people. Even the recent film version of *The Story of O*, a hard-core SM story if there ever was one, pulled its punches by arty, romantic techniques that make it a major piece of propaganda for "painless" SM. By using fog filters and Vaseline, by prettily posing O for her torture and by averting the camera's eye when the whip came down, the film made SM enticing to many.

And while the media is busy romanticizing hard-core SM to increase its appeal, it's also busy creating "brutality chic" by eroticizing violence between the sexes. Avedon's *Vogue* spread, the Rolling Stones' *Black and Blue* and Wertmuller's *Swept Away* are the cutting edge of the trend.

And if Giancarlo Giannini smashing Mariangela Melato in the face, and knocking her down the hill in *Swept Away* turned you on, there are even psychologists willing to justify the new, hip attachment to lovers' combat. Says Dr. Clarence Arthur Tripp, author of *The Homosexual Matrix:* "Sex stimulation is about resistance, a certain degree of alienation, a barrier. The Irish coalminer who gets drunk and comes home every night and beats up his wife and drags her off to bed—the voltage will never go out of that relationship."

With views like that in vogue, it's not hard to see why many women are outraged by "brutality chic," especially at a time when a major focus of the women's movement is wife beating. "That's the disgusting underside of this chic 'domination and submission' stuff," says *Village Voice* film critic Molly Haskell. "Women who are trapped by their economic situation, with kids to support, who have to stay for a while with husbands who beat and molest them aren't the ones out buying whips at the local dildo shops." Feminists fear that if "brutality chic" convinces people women *like* to get beaten by their husbands and lovers, there'll be less support for women fighting to stop it.

Feminists see the SM fad as a

backlash of another stripe: an attempt by men to meet women's demand for more equality between the sexes with new arguments for male domination over women. The celebration of male dominance and female submission is a throwback—a nostalgia for traditional romance and the "love" generation of the sixties. And SM propagandists are getting in the act in a way that can really hurt battered women; in New York City recently, a well-known Eulenspiegeler, a prostitute and dominatrix, tried to take over a conference on battered women to convince them they should "lie back and enjoy" beatings from their husbands.

Seductively, SM and "brutality chic" don't deny the power struggle between men and women; they concede this first round to feminists. But here's the trick: if you can't deny it, redefine it, and eroticize it. Whereas feminists struggle to change these power relations between the sexes, equalizing them, the SM cult enshrines the power differences in SM ritual. Struggling toward sexual equality, which has never been achieved, so no one knows quite what it is, is confusing and traumatic for most people. I was struck, in contrast, by how secure one dominant woman found her SM relationship: "There's real security—if I have a man under my control it's *very clear* what our relationship is and so we can trust and feel close enough to share with each other in a way I can't in a straight relationship where everything's . . . up for grabs."

Eulenspiegelers don't automatically assign the role of the dominant to a man and the submissive to a woman; they hardly have a stake like that in the traditional sexual order. For them it's not sexual politics, just sex. But that's where "brutality chic" comes in: to flog the male supremacist's version of SM.

Not everyone, of course, thinks the acceptance of power struggles between sexual partners is as benign as Eulenspiegelers apparently feel. Society members vehemently insist that SM relationships are especially loving. But I felt an undertone of deep hostility and fear of the opposite sex in most of the aficionados I talked to. Masochists and sadists alike sneered at their counterparts; both felt their role the superior one. A male sadist: "I was never very successful with women sexually. I had fantasies that the popular jock at my high school couldn't get it up. The women were all teases. Now I can get even. I can do anything I want if my girl's tied up. I can push into her when *I'm* ready, whether or not she is, or refuse to fuck her when she wants it [shades of *Swept Away*]." A male masochist: "I had terrible acne as a kid—the girls would never look at me. They were so unavailable, I put women on a pedestal. I knew how disgusted they were with me. My fantasy was always a woman who was completely crazy about me, being kidnapped by a big, beautiful woman who'd tie me up and try and make *me* come." A female sadist: "It's cathartic—all women have been abused by men in some way—neglected, lied to, beaten—now I can get back for it all, just like dominant men need power to revenge all the humiliation women have heaped on them."

Although few serious researchers have studied SM, psychologists guess that hostility and some kind of confusion between love and hatred fuel SM. UCLA psychiatrist Robert Stoller writes, "In each perversion [including sadomasochism] is found—in gross form or hidden but essential in the fantasy—hostility, revenge, triumph and a dehumanized object . . . we can see that harming someone else is a main feature in most of these conditions." Of masochists, whose hostility is not acted out as overtly as the sadist's, Stoller argues that hostility is disguised "in the fantasies of what one is doing to one's partner when one is 'victimized.' These people have lusciously martyrish gratifications, such as 'they'll be sorry when I'm gone' or 'at least God loves me' or ' contrast my saintliness with those who hurt me,' which convert the physical victim into a psychological victor over his tormentor."

"My favorite fantasy was being a prostitute arrested by a big, brutal cop, slapped around, handcuffed, then ravished. Me, a feminist lawyer"

As if "brutality chic" weren't enough, as if to confirm feminists' most paranoid fears about its true misogynist thrust, snuff films were born last spring, at the height of the SM fad. The most infamous snuff film was finally disposed of by the media and Manhattan's district attorney as a fraud of ketchup and rubber fingers. But to feminists, even just faking the killing of a woman for an audience's sexual amusement, and the hoards of people lining up to see the film, was horrifying enough.

Swept Away

GG: ". . . You're a ripe fig waiting to be plucked . . ."

MM: "I feel crazy, drunk, like I've been ravaged by a band of pirates, overwhelmed, primitive . . ."

GG: ". . . You're already a slave—you must be a slave of love. I've got to become your God—you must be twisted by love . . ."

MM: "No, no, no, noooo . . ."

("Pillow talk" between Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato in Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away*).

If anyone can play devil's advocate to my feminist (some might say reductive) ideas about women, sex and power, it's my friend Lucy. She writes about sex for *Screw* and celebrates women's liberation in a column she writes for a daily newspaper. She's even a *Swept Away* fan. Right now she's hard at work on a piece called "Bring Back Rhett Butler" for *Swank*.

Just what *is* the relationship between your fantasies, your sex life and what you want in life in general, I wonder aloud.

Lucy swats away my ambivalence like a gnat. "But it's part of women's sexuality to want to be dominated, swept away by the intensity of a man's passion for her. How can you deny it? *Most* women have fantasies about being dominated or raped. We all compare notes. Look at Nancy Friday's book."

Now there's a perfect example. *My Secret Garden* is a catalog of women's sexual fantasies, most of them sadomasochistic, involving rapes, beatings, concentration-camp scenes, sex with dogs and donkeys.

Rape fantasies. Prime evidence in the Eulenspiegel brief that we're all into SM. Stock and trade of Gothic romances and *True Confessions*. Achilles' heel of the women's movement. Susan Brownmiller says real feminists don't have them. They're just male fantasies of being rapists, thrust on women. I can't shake the feeling they're cosmic in-jokes on feminists. Lucy, calling herself a feminist, denies that women's rape fantasies or bedroom rape games mean women want to be dominated outside the bedroom.

"Listen—O [the heroine of the SM classic *The Story of O*] was a *career* woman—everyone forgets that. She was just into submission in her sex life. A lot of powerful career women have rape fantasies. The problem's not the fantasies but what men [and, I'd add, women like Wertmuller] make out of them."

Lucy's cheerful acceptance of a separation between her sexual fantasies

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

Toys and torture: Top, regalia for sale at Manhattan's Pleasure Chest; bottom, a scene from the pro-SM film *Maîtresse*

and her life is seductive. It occurs to me that both Brownmiller and Wertmuller don't accept that separation: they think that what women fantasize or want in bed is what they want in the rest of their lives. Battle reports from the front lines of the fantasies vs. feminism battle suggest it's not so easy. Several of my feminist friends, à la Brownmiller, proudly report they used to have rape fantasies but now they don't. But here's the rub: Says one, "My favorite fantasy was being a prostitute arrested by a big, brutal cop, slapped around, handcuffed, then ravished. I couldn't believe it. Me, a feminist lawyer. I felt ridiculous. I tried everything. Moonlight. Beaches. Kris Kristofferson in *Alice Doesn't Live Here*. The kind of gentle man I'd want in real life. But nothing. So here I am, a woman without a fantasy." Others, like Lucy, suspend political judgment, submit and enjoy it.

In fact, the question of women's rape fantasies is virgin territory. Sexologists like Kinsey have ignored the question and psychological theorists tend to swallow whole Freud's impression that all women are masochists. Karen Horney, a skeptic on behalf of women writing in the thirties, speculated that masochism in women springs from social conditioning. But few serious researchers have expanded on her work.

Present-day feminists have speculated that their own rape fantasies might well be a kind of survival mechanism against fear about the worst thing that can happen to a woman. A kind of getting-used-to-the-idea-in-case-it-happens, or even a defusing of the fear. On a political level, Betty Friedan has argued, "If a woman feels bad about herself, if she has an awful lot of suppressed hatred of men, or of her situation, a way to make it bearable is to eroticize it. [Masochism] used to be the only way women could survive." Still other feminists think they have rape fantasies as some kind of subconscious punishment for asserting themselves sexually, or even professionally—a kind of primal reminder that women can't solo.

It's easy to just dismiss masochism and passivity in women as a male plot. But the fact is that the idea of sexual surrender is a powerful aphrodisiac. "The point of sex is to lose yourself," says my friend Lucy, "and you don't do that if you're trying to run the fuck or worrying about the political significance of who's on top." Susan Sontag puts it more loftily in a recent interview in the literary magazine *Salmagundi:* "As credibility of religious experience has declined . . . the quest for an experi-

ence of complete psychic surrender now . . . has become increasingly, and restlessly, attached to the mind-blowing character of the orgasm." But it is the orgasm of complete abandonment—surrender—that is celebrated, not the pedestrian bodily release of the love maker in control. The besotted lover whose life is swamped by love, who takes any risk to break through the limits of the lonely, distracted *routine* affection of a "normal," even "happy," relationship is the romantic ideal.

Two recent, overtly sadomasochistic films, *The Night Porter* and *The Story of Adele H.*, suggest the allure. *The Night Porter* depicts corrupt love between a former Nazi prison official and the young female concentration camp inmate he used as his sexual playmate. Years later they meet by accident in a Vienna hotel and resume their affair. Unlike Wertmuller, the Italian director Liliana Cavani draws no conclusions about sexual politics from this story of obsession; the point is not that women are this way, men are that way, or that some inmates actually can love their Nazi captors. Against my will, I was drawn into the erotic fantasy: two lovers barricaded in a single room, so committed to each other that nothing else, even starvation and death, matters. Afterward I was furious with myself for responding; but that may have been the point of the film— that the impulse to purge oneself of any sexual feelings that can't pass political or moral muster is the enemy of passion and abandonment. François Truffaut's *The Story of Adele H.*, a film about emotional masochism, paints a tempting fantasy of a person willing to sacrifice all common sense and propriety for love. Truffaut masterfully transforms Adele from a silly, inexperienced, infatuated young girl to an electrifying, possessed creator of love of truly heroic proportions; the indifferent young man she loves, Lieutenant Pinson, remains a brittle caricature.

Why do these SM movies always depict the sadists just as toy props for the sexual fireworks of their submissive partners rather than sex heroes in their own right, I asked Dan Chasen. "Well," he said grinning, "you know the real SM scene is dominated by *submissive* men looking for women to dominate *them*. That's why surrender, not domination, is so lovingly detailed." But why then do the Wertmullers and the mass media soft-core porn makers like *Vogue* and *Penthouse* always reverse the roles, depicting the man as the dominant and the woman as the submissive? "Well, men wanting to be submissive, that's the dirtiest secret of all. It's not in men's interest to reveal that in pop culture. They're afraid it'll undermine their tough-guy image. There's a fear that role reversals in bed will affect the balance of power in the whole relationship."

Susan Sontag says *The Story of O* was actually written by a man, I remember. Maybe it's so convincing because that's what he wanted for *himself*, and didn't have the nerve to make the sex slave male! After all, the secrets of sexual surrender are so sweet that in spite of the fact that men dominate the SM scene (gay and straight), masochists go begging for want of sadists. Prostitutes also report that the vast majority of their SM customers want to play slave but say they could never ask their wives to play master. Couple this with the results of a recent extensive study by New York University sociologists that 83 percent of the men who go to prostitutes want fellatio—sex where the man is passive. Could it really be that men are suffering an even bigger split between their fantasies and sex lives and their life roles than women?

Could it be, I asked Lucy, that if *all* the sexual wraps were off, it'd be all-out combat in the American erogenous zone as to who could submit to whom first? I can hear it now:

Mary: Why are you *just lying* there?
John : Why are *you* just lying there?
Mary: Well, we *both* can't just lie here.
John : I'll flip you for it.

"Men wanting to be submissive—that's the dirtiest secret of all"

Fear of Flogging

It's my last Wednesday at Eulenspiegel. The main bout is to be a demonstration of how a well-known professional dominatrix, who runs her own House of Domination, dresses up a customer as a slave. Belle de Jour arrives in a backless mauve dress, seams bursting across her ample breasts. Turning her back to the audience, she shucks her dress and slips into a black leather minidress with a wide, studded black belt and high boots.

"The reason that men get into transvestism," she says to the audience with not a little scorn, "is that they're chauvinists. They think all women are submissive and so they can't really feel submissive unless they're dressed as women."

She calls for volunteers. Jackson squelches several; apparently they're regulars. Silence. "Come on, boys!" Finally a soft-faced punk type in tweeds and a Gatsby hat is urged forward.

Belle strips him to his shorts. He's permitted to retreat behind the table to exchange them for some black satin bikinis, a garter belt and bra. "Sometimes I put a Tampax in their behinds to give them the real feeling of being a woman," says Belle, "but tonight I'll spare you." (The victim looks relieved.)

She hands him black stockings. He's slow, trying to keep his toenails from ripping them. "Step it up," she snaps, and flicks him with a black leather riding crop she's extracted from her overnight case.

"Ohhh," breathes the audience.

On goes a turquoise, shiny, rayon minidress, black platforms, an apron, wig and maid's pouf. Belle starts his complete makeup job, including false eyelashes. "Let's call him Barbarella," says Belle.

When the transformation is complete, Barbarella looks in the hand mirror. "It doesn't . . . look . . . like . . . me," he/she says, transfixed.

Earsplitting wolf whistles from the back.

"How would the women in the audience feel making love to a man dressed like that?" asks Jackson. One says, "I'd love it." Another: "Why? He's not worth anything like that."

"Would you like to be like this forever? A pretty little woman?"

The victim snaps out of his trance. "No!"

People are furious about the question. "Jesus!"

"Why not?"

"Well, Jesus, he's a *man*, not [sneeringly] a . . . woman."

"Yeah," snaps Barbarella. "I'm a *man*."

On the pavement outside, the drag king and her female lover are complaining about the misogynist cracks inside. "So much for all their bullshit rhetoric about women being strong," she says. They're feeling down; other lesbians treat them like pariahs, too, for their SM tastes. "Awww, don't listen to that shit," says one guy who comes up and overhears the complaining. "Don't mix your politics with your sex."

Fat chance, I think. That's just one more reason why I think I'll keep my fantasies multiplying in the fetid basement of my mind. Call it reductive sexual politics or fear of flying if you must. I prefer to think of it as common sense. ●

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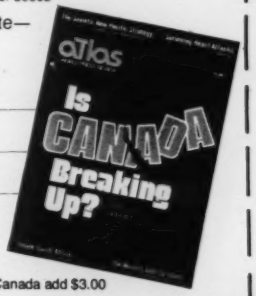

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AN AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

BY MICHAEL WOLFF

A PULP HORROR FILM IS NOT THE USUAL VEHICLE FOR A NEW STAR. BUT THEN SISSY SPACEK, OF CARRIE RENOWN, IS NOT YOUR USUAL STAR

She has a beauty: from one angle, a perfect California girl. But don't glance away, because when you look for her again she is ducky—freckled and wide-mouthed. And then suddenly boyish, coquettish, the little girl. She's been called many things: "a kitten," "a fawn," "a rabbit," "the girl with the guppy eyes," "a crocodile fetus." Which are strange descriptions of a star, because stars the American way are statues, marketing a single concept of themselves. There is no one picture that could satisfy Sissy's image: Brian De Palma, one of her directors, would like to see her play Janis Joplin; another director, if he could, would cast her as Holden Caulfield's little sister, Phoebe. And now she is Carrie, a rag doll, a sweetheart, a monster, in Brian De Palma's horror show.

Stars are not usually born from such calculated dreck, the story of a newly menstruating girl who discovers she is telekinetic. And yet Sissy Spacek took this horror role, playing it all the while with unabashed creepiness, and managed to turn it into the story of all the faces of adolescence: trust and innocence and fearlessness and joy and madness and revenge. The National Society of Film Critics recently named her best actress of 1976; she is better, the society said, than Faye Dunaway in *Network* and Liv Ullmann in *Face to Face*. The Oscar, many are predicting, will follow soon.

She would be a peculiar Oscar winner. She is at once too basic and down-home and too ethereal and innocent to have a honed and cultivated Hollywood presence. With Sissy it is impossible to know what you are looking at or what you are looking for. You look for the young girl and find a beautiful woman; you look for the professional and see only her ingenuousness. It is strange, at first, to find that she is 26, born before the Korean War; somehow it would seem more appropriate if she had been the foundling of a hippie chick. It is almost unnatural, too, that she is married. But with her playful little jig, combination curtsy and pirouette, she introduces her husband, Jack Fisk, tall and bearded and gat-toothed, an art director she met on the *Badlands* set.

Nothing seems planned about her; nothing seems prejudiced. She has the genius, the truthfulness of an artist, but not the calculation. She appears never to have considered what it is that she is doing, what makes her so good. "Weird, weird," she says. "Weird that all this is happening, weird that everybody wants me to explain it somehow. Could I just say that maybe I had a bad life last time, and they're giving me an easy one now?"

Sissy came to New York almost ten years ago from a small town in northeast Texas to be a rock and roll star. She met with some success, but blithely left that ambition behind and, one day in 1972, on the suggestion of a friend, auditioned for a film called *Prime Cut*. Because the picture was big budget exploitive, and because Sissy can look ever so perfectly innocent and girlish, and because that kind of movie likes to show this kind of girl as nude as an R-rating can please, Sissy got the female lead as the white slave of Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman—her first acting job.

Prime Cut flopped. It failed not a little because Sissy acted the wrong way, threw the whole tone of the film off the safe ground of make-believe; she played it, or tried to play it, as truly the character of a white slave. The job of an actress in a movie like *Prime Cut* is to reassure the audience that the role is a plaything. Sissy, in her seriousness, made too many people feel guilty.

She moved to California and tested for more big-budget roles, landing none. And then *Badlands* came along. Again, not the kind of movie you do if your eye is trained toward a fancy career: a low-budget film with an untried, unHollywood director, Terrence Malick, based on the story of Caril Ann Fugate and Charlie Starkweather who, for a few months in the late fifties, set out, on the run, across the Montana badlands killing nearly everyone who interrupted their path. More than any other movie about that kind of savage and screwball, dusty America crime—more than *Bonnie and Clyde* and *In Cold Blood*—*Badlands* manages to play its characters with the right tone of sympathy and absurdity. And Sissy, because she can dismiss her own presence, in a way Faye Dunaway never could, and submit to the landscape, to the ragweed, to the awful sunburned land, to the gray sky—shows in the simplest terms of ennui and American girlhood how a fifteen-year-old, knock-kneed and in white anklets, could tag along on a murderous ride.

She was noticed in *Badlands*,

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDY SOLMON

complimented, praised, interviewed. But still she was peculiar, impossible to categorize. She had played too closely to her *Badlands* role, never surfacing from below the Montana rocks and dust, never casting a glance out of this picture toward a next role.

Only some television work followed *Badlands*—TV movies, *Katharine, The Migrants* and a stint on *The Waltons*, where there is always room for a freckled girl with a down-home accent. She got a tryout for the Robert Altman players, not in a film directed by Altman himself, but in an Altman-sponsored effort, *Welcome to L.A.* (due shortly for release), directed by Alan Rudolph, an Altman protégé. Altman signed her for his own, forthcoming *Three Women*, and it is highly possible that Sissy Spacek might have been consigned to a place on the Altman lot, one of his oddly pretty girls, in and out of the same old picture, were it not for *Carrie*.

Sissy stepped into *Carrie*, a study in pulp, and played it as pulp, a moist, soft, slightly cohering mass of matter. She has no problems, no modesty at all, with being contorted and ugly, with letting the camera have its way with her wide mouth and outsized breasts and hiplessness, with being so embarrassingly naked. She becomes a mixture of wood fiber and rags, rough and unglazed, a body of cheap and sensational enthusiasms, artfully dodging any pretensions to slick.

"She is untroubled by herself," De Palma says. "She does not have to hold herself at a distance from her characters. She has no preconceived idea of what she is or what she should be, therefore she is free to become what she has to be. She is not inhibited by persona, ego, image, none of those things. She is in lots of ways nearly unborn, a primitive, an American primitive."

There is a mechanism at work in Sissy, a naive recklessness, or a shrewdness perhaps, that has rescued each of her roles from make-believe; and you want to silently stalk around her, trying to get an inkling of where this—what would you call it? talent, craft, nervous system—comes from.

Sissy Spacek, her blond hair coming free from behind her ears and falling onto her cheeks, pauses, takes a sidelong glance after her husband, who has just left the room. "Deary," she begins and returns to her coffee, perplexed, as if she had never considered her own responsibilities for her roles. "Am I good? Yeah, I know I'm pretty good, but why, or because of what, or from where it all comes from, that's tough.

"This is just off the top of my head, but I did, oh, about eight months at the Strasberg Institute. But to tell you the truth, I didn't even make it to the scene classes. It wasn't, somehow, much my style, all that getting into yourself," and her hands go up in a gesticulation of inner agony. "I mean, hell, I just never felt that bad."

Her eyes light up and she takes on the question of where her talent might have come from more literally than it was planned. "Quitman, Q-u-i-t-m-a-n. Deep, deep northeast Texas. The piney woods. A lot of dogwood trees, lakes, deer, frogs." And like every small-town Texan, she knows the population of her town exactly: "When I lived there it was 1,237. No industry, not much farming. Just watermelons and stuff. And barber shops, grocery stores, a bank, a cafe. I just bought a little cabin down there on the lake that I watched them build when I was a kid."

It tells more than a little that Sissy Spacek comes from the piney woods, because of all the parts of Texas, the piney woods is the least defined, an enigma even to other Texans. The vulgar lushness of the Gulf Coast, the lower-middle-class doldrums of the oil lands and the big, muscular pride of Lyndon Johnson's hill country do not touch Quitman. The deepest parts of the piney woods are still in the process of becoming. Against the staunch personality of the rest of Texas, the piney woods is the last territory of unformed character, chameleon-like, a touch innocent.

"I bought the cabin because I've always felt this is my town. Do you know, how you can live in New York or live in L.A., and need New York and need L.A., but still need somewhere else?"

She pushes back her hair and takes a sip of cold coffee before she goes on to explain why she ever did leave Quitman.

"My brother died you see. Leukemia. When something like that happens you get a glimpse, a glimpse of—well I don't know. Just that there isn't all the time you thought there was supposed to be. I was a senior in high school and I could have gone off to college and pledged a sorority. I wasn't against that, it would probably have been fine. But I also got to thinking that there might be another way. Not much to lose certainly. And I played 12-string guitar and wrote and sang, and I did it well, and so I decided, hell, this might be a ticket. What did I know? Nobody told me what I would be up against, nobody ever told me the odds. You think I knew that every kid in America had the same idea?

"So I flew off to New York. I didn't even know enough about what I was doing to say to myself, 'Hey, what are you doing?' I just flew into the city and went off to stay at the beginning with my cousins, you may have heard of them, Rip Torn and Geraldine Page."

She does not seem to realize the uniqueness of such relations; it is almost as if she assumes that if you are a small-town Texas girl with relatives in New York of course they will be of the stature and artistic caliber of Rip Torn and Geraldine Page.

"Course, I didn't think much of it

Michael Wolff last reported for New Times *on the spring rituals at Daytona Beach.*

Connecting: In *Badlands* (top), *Carrie* (bottom) and *Welcome to L.A.* (left), Spacek bridges the gap between herself and her character

then, but it musta been a little funny. Poor ol' cousin Rip suddenly has a country cousin, his baby cousin, who he'd seen probably when I was six years old, and here I was with my little patent leather shoes and guitar.

"Really, I didn't know it was strange, this Texas girl coming to town. I didn't know making it was supposed to be a struggle. Geraldine was in a show then, I remember, and I would sit in the dressing room just playin' the guitar, and after a while just get up and wander around Times Square, and if somebody was interesting I just would talk to them, just sort of peep around stage doors and into studios, and nobody ever said 'leave,' cause I guess I was a novelty item, funny or something. I just didn't know anything—I didn't think, cause I didn't know what there was to think about. And I couldn't be scared cause I didn't know there was something to be scared about.

"Once, soon after I came, Rip set up this audition for me at William Morris, and I remember here I was, this skinny little girl with her big guitar just sing-

"I didn't know it was strange, this Texas girl coming to New York City," explains Sissy. "I didn't know making it was supposed to be a struggle"

in' away at my own country rock tunes, and here were all these big, seriouslike men, all in their black business suits, looking at me and listening with no expressions on their faces, and then after I'm finished they go into this huddle, murmur-murmur and stuff, and then they break and say how talented I am but maybe I should get some more experience and come back another time. And I thought, 'Well I bet they say that to all the girls,' but it was fine with me cause I didn't see how these men in their black suits could have much to do with singin', for godsakes. And it never occurred to me that what I had to do was work hard to get these men to accept me.

"After a while or so I moved into my own apartment and started meeting all kinds of people. And through one person you'd meet another person and you'd meet someone else still, and in those days you'd just be with a group of people spending a lot of time sitting and playing your guitar in Washington Square Park, and then you'd do some singin' at hootenanny night at The Bitter

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End and some of the other clubs. There was a feeling then that a lotta people could do a lot of things without a great deal of difficulty. You didn't think much about competition, or about being whoever you were gonna be, you just thought mostly about singing."

It does not take much, looking at Sissy now, to imagine her as the hippie girl you admired in the park years ago.

"I was musicking for about three years before I started to ebb out of that. No catastrophes or anything, just a feeling I got that maybe this wasn't the place I was supposed to be. I was involved with what music was becoming, and what New York was becoming, and what I didn't want to become.

"About 1970 or '71, I signed a record deal and I thought, 'Here I am, going to get to do all my own music,' and I was excited and I was ready. And then it turned out to be this deal where it was a package that they had already figured out. They had music set. They had music cut. They even had a name for the performer. All they needed was a girl to sing. And so I didn't know anything so of course I said yes, and of course I'll change my name, sure, sure thing, groovy, I wanted to change it anyway. So they made me change my name to Rainbo, without the "w," and I made this ridiculous record, 'John, You Went Too Far This Time.' It was about Yoko Ono and John Lennon when they did that nude record cover. And I remember going down and talking to Rip, and I said, 'Hey, gosh, here's my record,' and I remember him stepping back, not looking too enthused, and saying, 'Why'd you change your name? You sure you want to be doing this kind of stuff?'

"I sort of began to see myself then. It was weird. I could see myself sitting at a table, around all those tables you sit around in New York, and there I was, saying like, 'Oh yes, very groovy. Oh yes, just far out, man, just far fucking out.' I was suddenly that really outasight chick, hip and cool and sickeningly groovy. Now maybe I didn't know nothing about being an artist, but I had the sneaking suspicion, if you know what I mean, that art didn't have a whole lot to do with being a really outasight chick."

So Sissy slipped out of the music world and into the movies, went up to Calgary, Canada, to make *Prime Cut*.

"It was strange, the things I was thinkin', seein' myself 40-feet big in this well, sort of not-so-good movie. I wasn't disappointed. I was fascinated. It amazed me. I didn't think, 'Well, Sissy ol' girl you made it,' or 'Well, look at that you can act in a movie,' or 'Hey girl, you can be an actress,' or even 'Boy, what a crappy movie.' No, what I was thinking is that I can play a character. You know, I was convincing.

"I moved to California then. I'm not really sure why, it just sounded interesting, so I packed up my stuff and headed out, went to test for some role or another which I didn't get. But that didn't matter because getting to California was getting to the beginning of where I'm at now. What is that? About, let's see, four years now, I've been telling myself that I have to find some time to sit down and sort of meditate on it all, figure out if it's my dream I'm in. You know I just haven't had the pause to do that. I mean I just don't really know what I've been doing, just sort of doing it. Working and not working, *Badlands* after *Prime Cut*, then the television stuff, *Katharine* and *The Migrants*, and working with Jack, my husband, on painting the sets for *Phantom of the Paradise*, and then doing *Welcome to L.A.*, and later working with Bob Altman himself, and *Carrie* of course. And when I wasn't working there was all this opportunity to be involved with these really special people who aren't Hollywood but who are there, on the fringe, trying to do what they want to do and hoping a little money will spill their way. Artists, not the full-of-baloney people. And in that time I suppose I was creating myself, putting me together, but I didn't think about it much. I've always meant to, so I could explain it if anybody ever wanted me to put it in words, but the *Carrie* thing, all the press and stuff, happened all of a sudden. So I'm not really ready to explain how I came to do what it is that I do. I just try to be real. But that doesn't tell much, or does it?"

She leans back, stretching her legs in the air and with a yip lets her feet fall, and goes on: "Sort of, well, if I have to put it in words, maybe *Badlands* tells most about what I do, at least it told the most to me about what I was doing. I just found the connection between acting and singing, like suddenly it becomes a chant; you are and then you are not. It's effortless, a kind of not having to think about where your fingers are going up and down the neck of the guitar. You just hook onto the role, hang on really for the ride. It's easy in a way, just something you slip into. I feel like I'm cheating somehow. I have no trouble in not being me. Or rather I am me, but I have no trouble discovering all the variations of me. I blend. I become. I don't decide, I just do. I follow. I don't know what I follow, I just follow, and suddenly I'm there, in the midst, you know."●

Television

How to watch TV without feeling guilty

By Richard Corliss

As all writers know, confession is good for the soul, and an easy way to grab a reader's attention. So here goes. In 1976 I spent about as many hours watching television as I did watching movies and, mea culpa, I think my time was better spent in front of the box. Am I alone among educated adults who admit to finding pleasures on TV other than *60 Minutes* and the Griffin Bell Senate confirmation hearings? It would seem so, to judge from the captious humor and earnest pop sociology of many TV critics. Even *The New Yorker*'s Michael Arlen has seriously compared TV watching with masturbation (as opposed, I guess, to sitting in a porno house, or listening to Donna Summer on a head set or writing TV criticism). Well, there are limits to what I'll admit to in print, but I will confess that a lot of TV appeals to my sense of humor (the Mary Tyler Moore situation comedies), to my sentimental liberalism (some of the tonier TV movies), to my informania (the newscasts), to my jock voyeurism (the sports coverage) and to my childishness (*Sesame Street* and the reruns of Warner Bros. cartoons). In other words, to the mile-wide middle-class streak in me—and a couple hundred million other Americans.

When the kids in Chicago chanted "The whole world is watching," they meant the middle-class world. That's the world watching TV. And for them, TV *is* the whole world—from Rhoda Gerard's separation to Sonny and Cher's creative divorce, from Angie Dickinson's no-fault pantyhose to Barbara Walters' no-nonsense wipstick, from Dorothy Hamill's pirouettes to Grover the monster's pratfalls, from the medium-high range of entertainment to the most boring bourgeois fluff. Indeed, to argue for the watchability of television is to argue for the middle class. Every other medium caters to some fringe group; the movies, for example, now have the young, the poor and the hip as their steadiest customers. This motley of minorities can turn an on-the-edge, off-the-wall movie like *Taxi Driver* into a hit. But simply by bringing out a fraction of the TV audience, the aptly-named *Midway* made twice as much money last year as *Taxi Driver;* even the "bomb" *Lucky Lady* outgrossed Martin Scorsese's motor-psycho nightmare. Both *Midway* and *Lucky Lady* should show up on TV within two years, and maybe that's where they belong. But TV has shown, this past year at least, that its artisans can do better work, at one-twentieth the cost. The medium doesn't appeal to the lowest common denominator—leave that to snuff movies and Larry Flynt—but to the most common denominator. American TV will never produce a *Taxi Driver,* but could today's Hollywood produce a *Mary Hartman?*

Patheticomedy: Mary and other inmates watch (what else?) the tube

So here are a few reasons to admit you watched TV in 1976:

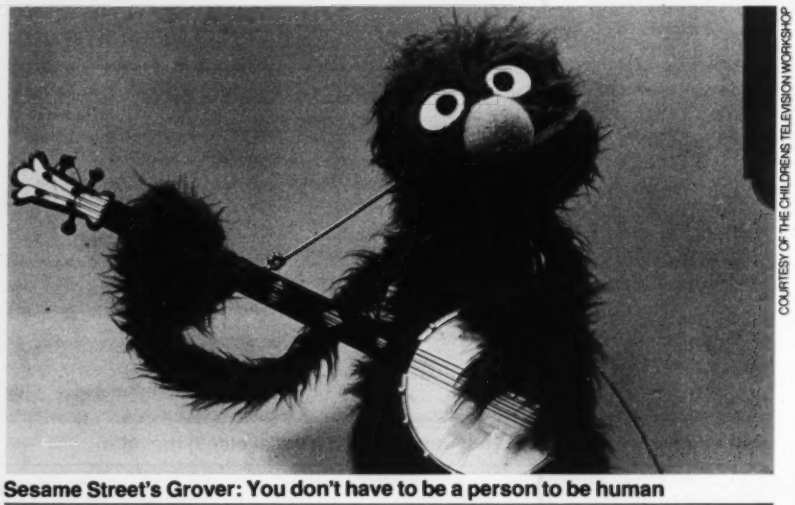
Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. Norman Lear's exploding candle on the Bicentennial cake. *MH2* would have been notable simply for institutionalizing the 11 o'clock TV break at posh Manhattan dinner parties. Coaxial chic is fleeting, but *MH2*'s achievement is secure. The show's sidewise slingshots at Consumerica, which made its early headlines, weren't nearly so devastating as its introduction of an understated surrealism into soap opera, and its demonstration that someone besides my mother and her bridge club could become hooked on a daily drama. With a new constituency, Lear proved an old fact: if you spend more time with TV characters than you do with most of your friends, you get involved with those characters—whether they're impotent or paralyzed, straitjacketed or gay-closeted, cheating on their wives or beating on them. Though Louise Lasser too often played down to Mary by playing her scenes too loud and too dumb, the other actors (Greg Mullavey, Mary Kay Place, Graham Jarvis, Bruce Solomon, Beeson Carroll, Susan Browning, etc.) were able to make some strange, metacomic connection with their roles, mixing a morbid self-absorption in their miseries with a frail belief that somehow everything would work out fine. And even Lasser rose to her greatest challenge: Mary's nervous breakdown, which the actress orchestrated over a two-month period into a tour de force of creeping copelessness unmatched by Liv Ullmann, Gena Rowlands or Isabelle Adjani. What many viewers saw as the series' second-season slump looked to me like a consolidation of the show's strengths: an emphasis on a domestic insanity so deftly conceived and played it might almost be real life. In its first year *MH2* produced more than 80 hours of patheticomedy; the best 20 hours of that material could stand up against the ten best Hollywood films of 1976. And with Mary and Tom back at square one,

Charlie and Loretta soon to be reunited, Merle and Mae heading for a showdown and Garth and Patty bound for gory, we can hope that the best will keep coming in '77.

Mary Tyler Moore. Norman Lear's primetime sitcoms (from *All in the Family* to *All's Fair*) are choleric, gag-ridden, aggressively performed and "problem-oriented"; they brought the Broadway Jewish sensibility to TV. The shows produced by MTM Enterprises (the series built around Mary Tyler Moore, Bob Newhart and Tony Randall, plus *Phyllis* and even *Rhoda*) are gentle and gentile. They depend less on boffo yocks than on the wry comedy of character, and the hallmark of their stars is the eloquently blank bourgeois stare—the WASP reaction to a world boarding school never prepared you for. Over the seven years of her own show, Mary has honed a fine comic sense, and brought some lapsed-Episcopalian spunk to a character who was originally little more than a Gucci Two-Shoes. The shows are brilliantly constructed, with a laugh line carefully planted to reverberate back 15 minutes later; and the supporting cast has mellowed with age instead of going stale and strident. But the secret to the show's enduring success is still Mary, the ideal middle-class role model—the girl you'd like to take home to mother, and mess around with after dinner.

Sesame Street. If it requires an unusual suspension of disbelief to get involved, on *MH2*, with a guy who goes to a veterinarian for a testicle transplant, what does it take to burst into tears over a duet between Lena Horne and a puppet frog? Yet that's how more than one New York sophisticate has reacted to *Sesame Street*—with laughter and tears, and an early-morning lift to the spirits you won't get from coffee (even if you can afford it). Ernie and Bert, Kermit the Frog, the Cookie Monster and especially Grover, all the Jim Henson Muppets prove that you don't have to be a person to be human—and that puppetry can be fine entertainment and a fine art. If the show teaches tots their numbers and manners, that's nice too.

Eccentricities of Several Nightingales. Critics who say there are no good roles for women aren't watching television. Women dominate the best sitcoms, from *Mary Tyler Moore* to *Laverne and Shirley*. And at feature length, TV has offered good actresses characters of a complexity and depth they could never find in films. Jane Alexander, who made the most of her tiny role as the bookkeeper in *All the President's Men*, won two major parts that played to her special talent—the repressed WASP wife—in *Death Be Not Proud* and *Eleanor and Franklin*. Sally Field's career was stymied by the Flying Nun stereotype, and could do no better in movies than the lower-class party girl in *Stay Hungry;* but with *Sybil*, she proved she could fashion a moving filigree out of the flashy role of a 17-character schizophrenic. But the year's great performance was given by Blythe Danner, last seen in a 10-minute stand-around part in *Hearts of the West*. As the heroine of Tennessee Williams' *Eccentricities of a Nightingale* (on PBS), Danner incarnated and apotheosized the Williams woman: warm, giving, poetic—and frustrated that the world can see her only as an eccentric spinster. Through Danner's beautiful performance, we see Miss Amanda in her own image: the nightingale, singing and soaring toward the flame of a just-barely-possible love. Because of Blythe Danner and Jane Alexander and Sally Field, and half a dozen other actresses TV released from their cages, the Emmy for this year's best actress will mean more than the Oscar.



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Sesame Street's Grover: You don't have to be a person to be human

That's Entertainment. Twenty-five years ago, before he became America's favorite father figure, Walter Cronkite hosted a show called *You Are There*, a re-creation of historic events as they might have been covered by TV. Now, of course, the medium is so pervasive that historic events are *created* by TV. The technique was perfected by Adolf Hitler (for the 1934 Nazi rally that Leni Riefenstahl recorded in *Triumph of the Will*) and has since been adapted to presidential press conferences, moon landings, inaugurations and assassinations. A "media event" like the typical Republican National Convention is, of course, no event at all. But 1976 in Kansas City was different: not a coronation but a genuine, closely contested election. And with a guy like Nelson Rockefeller around, anything can happen. Most televiewers savored the sight of Rocky tearing a Reagan placard out of a delegate's hand. My favorite moment came when, on the final night, Rocky mounted the podium to greet vice-presidential nominee Robert Dole, and firmly shook Dole's paralyzed right hand. The wince of pain—or embarrassment—on Dole's face wasn't part of the show. But TV caught it.

A Star Is Born. Television played its part in making Jimmy Carter a familiar face with a mouthful of Chiclets, and then a "viable" candidate, and finally a born-again superstar. But if ever a star was born overnight, it was Mark "The Bird" Fidrych, and the night was June 28, 1976. Fidrych was a $16,000-a-year rookie pitcher for the Detroit Tigers who had gained local fame for his low fastball and his flaky mound habits. But national, primetime exposure on *ABC Monday Night Baseball* changed all that. Spurred on by a cheering hometown crowd, Fidrych flummoxed the mighty Yankees and, as the last out was made, rushed off the field. But the fans—and the TV eye—wouldn't leave until The Bird came back out of the dugout and acknowledged his triumph. There were tears on both sides of the home screen that night. And the image of this Harpo-haired nightingale was enough to justify a TV junkie's month of Mondays.

Books

Causes and casualties

By Geoffrey Wolff

Winners and Losers: Battles, Retreats, Gains, Losses and Ruins from a Long War *by Gloria Emerson.* Random House (406 pp., $10.95).

Albert Lee Reynolds was a civil engineer in Vietnam, and the war there, our war there, took charge of his daydreams and nightmares. He came to hate the war with a fixation that some people found almost nutty: he wrote letters, hundreds of letters, of denunciation, and lent his full energy to protestations and demonstrations. The thought of William Westmoreland or the young General Patton or James Schlesinger inflamed him: "I want them to say they are sorry," he told Gloria Emerson, who writes that it "was a very long time before he realized no one was going to say such a thing."

The wife of a literature professor performed witness at a peace vigil and held aloft a sign given her by a Quaker. It announced WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE. It was the wrong sign for that lady: "I don't feel that way at all," Emerson reports the woman as saying. "I see absolutely no reason we should forget or forgive those bastards."

Emerson, who first went to Vietnam in 1956, and reported on the war there for the *New York Times* between 1970 and 1972, is not herself a forgetter or forgiver. A Vietnamese friend, her interpreter, wrote of Emerson's colleagues in the press: "All have this remark about you: you are the only one who cannot overcome your Vietnam experience. There is an acute lack of forgetfulness in you about Vietnam, we think."

Oh boy, is there ever! In a publicity release attached to review copies of this personal account of the war's miserable consequences, Emerson recollects her work with the Paris bureau of the *Times* in the mid-sixties, when she covered high-fashion collections: "It was very strange to be sitting in a salon jammed with little gold chairs, watching those beautiful clothes go by, and knowing by the end of that day hundreds and hundreds of Vietnamese and Americans would be dead. And my problem was to describe the cut of an armhole or a new belt."

Such conspicuous high-mindedness, such responsibility, such a precise conscience can make for abrasiveness. Cassandra was a spoilsport, wrecking the homecoming festivities. She was also, of course, quite right. The dilemma is acute and poignant: Emerson's anger against the architects (if such a word can aptly describe the engineers of such a misbegotten chaos as our war policies in Indochina) and instruments of our country and hers provokes her to abusiveness, latent

JACK HARNETT

In the war zone: Emerson will not let herself, will not let us, forget those years in Vietnam

self-righteousness and an indulgence in *us* v. *them* dichotomies. This is not an easygoing lady, and her story is by turns painful and grating. She is no friend of reconciliationists and pardoners; she seems even to take pleasure from her rudenesses toward people whose notions she finds repellent. She is right: may her tribe increase.

What a mess of hate that war inspired! A little while back we read about the Mullen family in C. D. Bryan's *Friendly Fire.* Their son Mike was killed by what the army called "misadventure," by an accident. He truly was killed by some stupid miscalculation or other, well out of sight or range of any enemy, but his parents' hatred of the war that removed him from them, and of the bureaucratic indifference that swallowed him quick and dead, flowered black and junglelike, spreading to engulf this country's works and days, going to the edge, and then beyond the edge, of reason. "The truth," Bryan wrote, with entire sympathy, "was no longer adequately outrageous to Peg [Mullen]."

For Emerson the truth is more than adequately outrageous, and more than adequately fuels her anguish, anger, hatred. "It is important to remember, to spell the names correctly . . ." she writes, and so it is, to honor the dead and the ruined. But also to fix blame, to follow this business beyond the grave if need be. *Winners and Losers* is an artfully random collection of memories and impressions and detailed reports from the war zone, mixed with the histories of the war's survivors, mostly in this country. It tracks exspies, grunts, officers, pilots, antiwar activists, bureaucrats to their now pacific, would-be pacified, lives. Like Antigone, or some martyr of the early church, Emerson will not let up what obsesses her. She will make everyone listen, by God she will:

"I needed to find other women who knew what I knew, and more. I needed to talk to women who had seen unspeakable things, who were without self-pity, who had faced the liars and lunatics, who had survived all of it and, in surviving, made a difference." Emerson is without self-pity, and she has surely seen and reported unspeakable things. But neither is she capable of pity for those not among the just. She hates the unmerciful, and especially the institutionally unmerciful, but she is herself capable of impressive cruelties. Women especially, for their softness and indifference, or what is perceived to be softness and indifference, must endure Emerson's contempt. Again and again she will compress the identity of a "wife" by such modifiers as "pleasant," "pretty," "sweet" or "pale." She is devastating in her account of Marina Sulzberger, the wife of the *New York Times'* wheeziest and most soporific punditationist C.L. Sulzberger. Mrs. Sulzberger arrived at an air force base near Saigon wearing a "pretty print dress" and told

the pilot of a unit gunship nicknamed Blue Max that "every man should have his war."

Emerson is similarly acute at capturing even worse instances of silliness and stupidity. Her value, however, is not as a curator of found parody and burlesque, but as a moralist. It takes courage and craziness, both, to set up as a moralist in an age and country that deludes itself into believing that its highest virtue is fair play and evenhandedness. We like swing and balance here: on the one hand/on the other, Nixon & draft resisters, this pardon = that pardon. Moralists make distinctions between things, insist that one thing is worse than another. Fair play is not a moralist's signature. Emerson quit the *New York Times*, as she says, "reluctantly." She does not write why she quit, but perhaps it was to join the antiwar movement as an advocate.

Long before she quit reporting many readers considered her already an advocate, already "biased," as indeed she was. She wrote about children harassed by the Saigon government's goons because they were found near Viet Cong cadres, and suspected of bearing messages for the enemy. "A reader wrote to the *New York Times* complaining that my story only put the children in more peril, and still another wrote to complain that I had not ever written of the children killed in Communist rocket attacks, as if I were cheating at a game of tit-tat-toe and had better watch myself." These two readers hold hands across the range of Americans' most mystifying convictions: that truth injures and that nothing is worse than the most recent injury. By this latter logic Seymour Hersh was more deeply hated than Lieutenant Calley's crimes at My Lai, because his revelation postdated those crimes. Such moral confusion can be at times unbearable, and its effect on Emerson, she herself concedes, has been grave. She wished to see a blind veteran, and a hospital administrator tried to stop her: " 'But he's emotionally disturbed,' he said. I should have said so was I." She writes here in metaphor, but her book is heavy with extreme condemnation. Of one Vietnamese who suggested the victimized children might one day be proud of what they had endured, she says, "The man disgusted me," and I reflexively flinch. The man also disgusts me.

So there you are: attention must indeed by paid, but there can be no pleasure taken from it. Moralists like Emerson are by nature inclusive, gathering many wedding guests by many lapels to tell many stories. But each of us has his own accounting, and must make it. I wish it could rest there, but left untroubled the individual conscience quickly scabs over, and seems to heal. It is just that Emerson picks our scabs (awful conceit, awful calling) and that one by one we look to what we have done, or left undone.

I am not certain whether Emerson subscribes to the fashionable notion of collective guilt. I hope she does not, because it is a hook-slipping device, and an insult to reason, to 'fess up to one two-hundred millionth of a large crime and deny one whole part of a single crime. A lady told Emerson that her ten-year-old son "had never been alive a day of his life when we were not bombing or killing someone in his name." If this is not bogus hand-wringing, it is at least mistaken and rhetorically mischievous. I voted in 1964 for Lyndon Johnson, and his policies murdered many, many thousands. But I feel no guilt for my vote, having cast it because he assured me and my countrymen that he would narrow, thin and shorten our bloody work in Indochina. (I feel gulled, and dumb, of course.)

In the January issue of *Esquire* is a most remarkable piece of journalism by Michael Herr, who resumes, after a seven-year silence, the finest battle reporting I have ever read, about Vietnam or any other war. For a long time many people have waited for his book, *Dispatches*, many times announced by Knopf as imminently forthcoming. Forth it did not come, and rumor had it that Herr was stymied by a preface for the book, a context, and an account of the war's aftermath for him. "High on War" is that contexture, that work of hard confession, and it is breathtaking. Its subtitle is this: "You try to remember to forget. But you don't—you just remember." The piece defies summary, but it closes with a kind of confession, and I would guess that Emerson would understand as well as anyone the complicated character of this confession:

> Where am I now? I stood as close to them as I could, and then I stood as far back as I could, and then I stood as far back as I could without leaving the planet. Disgust doesn't begin to describe what they made me feel. They threw people out of helicopters. They tied people up and put the dogs on them. But disgust was only one color in the whole mandala. There wasn't a color left out. I think that those people who used to say that they only wept for the Vietnamese never really wept for anyone at all if they couldn't squeeze out at least one for these men and boys when they died or had their lives cracked open for them.
>
> But of course we were intimate. I'll tell you how intimate: they were my guns.

Listen: I believe that that is precisely what Michael Herr believes, and what jerks him awake, sweat-soaked, from fell sleep. But I don't believe they were his guns, and I believe the ten-year-old boy can safely save his guilt for our next crime against strangers. I believe that they were William Westmoreland's guns, and Robert McNamara's and McGeorge Bundy's. Long ago David Halberstam raised in this reader a high appetite for accountability. His best and brightest did awful things, awful. And one of them is even now honored to advise a president on matters of international consequence. I don't wish to see these men on the gallows or in prison, though I wouldn't at all wish to resist the blandishments of a public show of humiliation, a prison skit, let's say, featuring that old gang chained one to another and tricked out in stripes and pillbox hats.

Emerson no doubt means her book for you and for me even more than for the thugs who chose the targets and cooked up the brave policy that put us and held us where we had no business to be. *Winners and Losers* has made me feel terrible: I feel shock and dismay and disgust. Emerson understands her effect on people: "People like me," she explains, work on others "like sand in the eyes." I *should* feel shock and dismay and disgust. But where is a remedy for all this? Why isn't McGeorge Bundy running an employment service for his disabled veterans instead of the Ford Foundation? And why didn't Robert McNamara quit the war he privately came to despise, or came to pretend to despise? A modest proposal: from now on let the president of our country take as his principal responsibility in time of war the burial of his dead, the disposal of the detritus created by the state's policies. And what he tries to bury we will urge Emerson, and a few other rude and unpleasant people like her, to dig up again. And maybe eventually, after sufficient stink and rudeness and noise (and death and ruin), it will seem to make for nicer days to leave strangers to their lives.

Music

Hot rock on skid row

By Frank Rose

CBGB is a bar on the Bowery. Bleecker Street, the folk-music axis of the early sixties, stops dead at its doorstep. Six blocks north lie the fetid remains of St. Marks Place, New York's answer to Haight-Ashbury. Directly overhead rises the bleak facade of the Palace Hotel, home to the terminally obliviated. At the big intersection down the street, winos stagger forth from the shadows to wipe windshields with oily rags for quarters; those who've already earned their drink lie unconscious on the sidewalk under heaps of dingy gray cloth. At the center of all this stands CBGB, its bright lights and dirty white awning shining like a beacon in an abject sea.

Inside CBGB, perched on a barstool looking morose, is Hilly Kristal, barkeep, talent scout and fledgling rock entrepreneur. Hilly owns CBGB. He books the acts that appear there—neophyte rock bands with names like Blondie, the Shirts, the Miamis, the Dictators, Tuff Darts, Television, the Ramones, Talking Heads. He stages minifestivals of CBGB bands, and last summer he recorded a live album featuring eight of them that Atlantic Records subsequently picked up for national release. Hilly stands four-square behind the music of CBGB: "I think it's the music of the seventies," he says. At CBGB, it's not hard to find people who agree.

CBGB is the home turf of a small but vociferous New York underground. It was Patti Smith's launching pad; she walked from its tiny, cluttered stage into the contractual arms of Arista Records. Of the 40 or 50 bands that play there now, five have been signed by record companies since February and several others hope to land a deal shortly. A tabloid fanzine called *New York Rockers* chronicles every development in the scene; a hand-lettered magazine called *Punk* celebrates the state of being most commonly associated with it. The whole place is pregnant with hipness.

So what is this sound of the seventies? Well, that's the funny part: it's not a sound. It's a whole bunch of different sounds. "The only thing alike about these bands," says Hilly, "is that they're creative." That's not really the only thing they have in common; most of them can't play real well either. But they *are* creative, and what they create best is mystique.

Some, of course, are more creative than others. At the top of the heap are Television, the Ramones and Talking Heads. Each is different, not only from each other, but from any other band you're likely to see. The Ramones have translated the Bruce Springsteen punk stance into brownshirt brutality,

Burning for success: Television, with Tom Verlaine second from right

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minimalizing rock and roll in the process. Television has resurrected the Velvet Underground diamond-in-the-gutter approach and styled it around a leader who appears one part Lou Reed, one part Mel Lyman. Talking Heads has merged the blank and the bizarre into a test pattern of sound broken by spasmodic flickers. Without these groups, and without the mutual boost of the Patti Smith connection, the CBGB scene would amount to little more than a collection of local bar bands on the make. With them, it has become rock's new avant-garde. It has also become the hottest show in town, rockwise.

CBGB is like a tunnel inside—a long, dark, dank, narrow tunnel with a light at the end. That's where the stage is. The restrooms are behind it; getting to them involves negotiating a no man's land of amps and cables that opens onto a pool table that reeks of beer. The toilets have long since turned brown in disgust; the dressing rooms don't exist. In front of the stage, along one side, is the bar, a serious-looking structure overhung by a wooden shed and a row of neon beer signs. Across from the bar are rows of tiny tables, each covered with a flower-print tablecloth held down by a beer-bottle candlestick.

Onstage are the Ramones—four guys from Forest Hills who have transistorized rock and roll, honed it down into two-minute packages that are as powerful as those tiny little radios. Their stage show is a marvel of caveman symmetry, with Joey Ramone draped over the mike stand up front, Johnny and Dee Dee Ramone flanking him like bodyguards on guitar and bass and Tommy Ramone bringing up the rear on drums. They do songs like "Blitzkrieg Bop" and "Beat on the Brat," moving with panzer-like speed through a 30-minute set that inspires nothing so much as a desire to go limp. "We're into entertainment," says Tommy. "People just sit back and we take over. If you sit back too much, we'll mow you down."

The Ramones are the apotheoses of punk. They wear their bluejeans torn, their T-shirts dirty and their leather jackets scruffed. They will tell you if you ask—and sometimes even if you don't—that this is what they're really like. Whether or not that's true, the style they've developed has become the hallmark of a whole new breed of kid—one that's as prevalent in the dives of London as in the underground of New York.

The Ramones' music is the aural equivalent of shrapnel. It is not for everybody. They have fused the spirit of heavy metal—a form whose appeal depends on the release of violent energies—with the discipline of classic rock and roll. "We're more into the fundamental id of rock and roll than the showy upperstructure," says Tommy. "We go after primal feel."

The Ramones went into the studio last fall to record their second album, *Ramones Leave Home;* Television, the group that played CBGB before any other, went in to make their first. They are philosophical about the recording process. "A record is an illusion," says lead singer Tom Verlaine. "It sounds like somebody singing, but it's really just a piece of plastic."

Verlaine (*né* Miller) is the fundamental id of Television. He came to New York in 1968 from Wilmington, Delaware, where he claims to have been voted "most unknown" in his high school graduating class. He was performing at a Greenwich Village club one night three years ago when Terry Ork, who runs a Village nostalgia shop, offered to help him put a band together. With bassist Richard Hell (since replaced) and drummer Billy Ficca he reformed the Neon Boys, a band that had broken up without performing publicly after a year of unsuccessful auditions for a rhythm guitarist. They added Ork's friend Richard Lloyd on guitar, changed the name to Television and started practicing in a Chinatown loft Ork donated for the purpose.

Ork rented a theatre for their debut, but they ran out of places to play after that. Verlaine was walking down the Bowery one day, lamenting the situation, when a friend said, "There's a bar, why don't you go in and ask them?" It was CBGB, which Hilly had just opened after an ill-fated jazz-club venture in the Village (the neighbors complained about the noise). Verlaine went in; Hilly said yes. "It was just incredible luck," Verlaine says now.

CBGB was the fourth New York bar Hilly had opened since 1966, the second in that location and the first not called Hilly's. The first Hilly's, also in the Village, presented Bette Midler onstage "60 or 70 times"; she went on to the Continental Baths, Atlantic Records and instant stardom. The second Hilly's, Hilly's-on-the-Bowery, became a Hell's Angels hangout. The

third Hilly's had lousy neighbors. When he moved back to the Bowery, Hilly decided to book country bands instead of jazz. He called the place CBGB—short for Country, Bluegrass and Blues. As an afterthought he tacked on OMFUG—Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers. The bar's full name is CBGB & OMFUG. Hilly quickly discovered that there is a bigger market for OMFUG in New York than there is for CBGB.

Hilly did not quite know what to make of Television. "They were very crude then," he says. "I had to stand outside because of the noise." Ork badgered him into having them back again and again, and before long Ork even started booking other acts. Hilly wanted to have things like blues night and Hawaiian night; Ork insisted on developing a rock showcase. "My aim," he says, "was to maintain the purity of the place in order to have a real platform for Television's style."

JACK BESHEARS

The far side of normal: Frantz, Weymouth and Byrne of Talking Heads

Within six months Hilly was a convert. Within another six months CBGB was locally famous, and Television along with it. The turning point for both was the Patti Smith/Television double bill that ran for two months of weekends in the spring of 1975. Smith (one of whose heroes is Arthur Rimbaud) and Verlaine form a sort of mutual admiration society, as well as the French Symbolist school of underground rock. Both are impressionistic, subjective, freakish and wild. "Now little Johnny Jewel/Oh he's so cool," Verlaine sings in his signature song. "He has no decision/He's just trying to tell a vision." Verlaine's vision is really nothing other than a fragmented sense of self. His sound—at least the sound on the group's first album, *Marquee Moon*—is a brutal, metallic throb, disconnected and frenetic. His lyrics are deliberately obscure. The net effect is of one who is coming from some Other Place.

At 26, Verlaine is a gaunt young man with the appeal of a dissolute Messiah. When you see him onstage it's not the eyes that glow, it's the sockets. Like Patti, he burns from within. But—also like Patti—one of the things he burns for is success. "We decided not to stop, at least until we had a record out," he says. "Our first goal was to get the music together, and that took a lot longer than we anticipated. Our second goal was to get a record out. A record is like reality."

For Talking Heads, reality is a debut single called "Love Goes to Building on Fire." It's their first taste of life as a music-business commodity, something they've been anticipating eagerly. "If you become rich and famous," says bassist Tina Weymouth, "you have to be realistically aware that you're a product." "That's what's so good about it," says David Byrne.

Byrne is singer, guitarist and songwriter for a band that's Andy Warhol in style and Mary Hartman in content. He came to New York two years ago with Weymouth and drummer Chris Frantz from the Rhode Island School of Design. He and Frantz had been in a band there called the Artistics (privately known as the Autistics, due to the psychological problems of another member); they decided to play together in New York and asked Weymouth to sing with them. She decided to learn bass instead, having dropped guitar at 15 when a boyfriend told her it was more fun to neck. They chose their new name after a friend stumbled across the phrase in *TV Guide* and thought it funny. Talking heads, in television parlance, are the heads that talk on talk shows. "It was nice that it had to do with boring TV," says Byrne laconically.

After six months of rehearsals, Talking Heads decided they needed "audience feedback." They started playing at CBGB because nobody ever came there. Says Byrne, "We thought if we didn't go over it wouldn't matter." But then Patti Smith started performing there; before long all kinds of people were coming. One of them was John Rockwell, pop critic for the *New York Times*.

Rockwell saw Talking Heads and liked them so much he decided to test the *Times*' star-making powers on them. It didn't exactly work; despite several reviews and a four-column feature, well over a year went by before they landed a record contract (with Sire). The publicity may actually have backfired, bringing record-company execs down to see them before they were ready. But the band is difficult to categorize, and that doesn't help. "One guy from a major record company came to see us about five times," says Weymouth, "and then said, 'What's your image?'"

There is no image—at least in the customary sense. "It's such an imposition on people's sensibilities when you say, 'This is what's hip,'" says Tina. "When you leave that out, they can read it any way they want to." How do you read a band that looks like three preppies in electric shock therapy? A band whose best-known song is called "Psycho Killer" and whose stage delivery comes complete with ping-pong eyes? You read them as people who have reached the far side of normal.

Yet normalcy is definitely their reference point. "I think as we go on we will develop a more commercial product," says Byrne. "I think we can be popular like the Carpenters. We sing less and less about crazy stuff and more and more about normal things. I think people out there could connect with it." "People are constantly disproving the myth that you have to sound saccharine to have a hit," says Frantz. "Or even melodic."

"There's no telling how music can move a person," says Weymouth.

Food

The return of the smokehouse/By Miriam Ungerer

A decade ago the notion of putting up a few glasses of beach plum jelly was thought "quaint." But in many households these days, Mason jars are making a colorful comeback. The additive and preservative scares, coupled with the back-to-earth movement, have led many people to revive home canning. And now the same trends are reviving the almost extinct arts of home curing and smoking meats and fish.

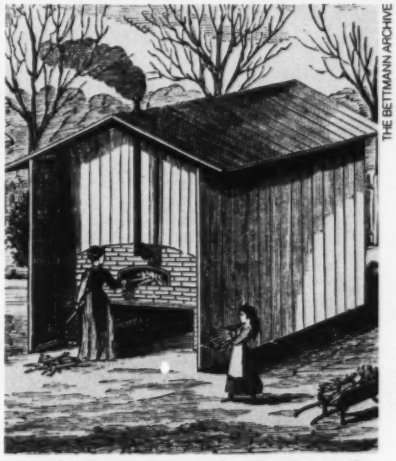
While this evokes the image of rough-beamed country kitchens, hams and sausages swinging from iron hooks in great walk-in fireplaces, actually, home smoking can be done in a small apartment with a fire escape. (There's a lot of smoke for about five minutes but no fire involved if you use a small electric smoker.) During the past five years, L. L. Bean, the well-known huntin' and fishin' store in Freeport, Maine, has sold thousands of smokers to people who neither hunt nor fish.

Never has this ancient method of flavoring and preserving food been easier to master. The cost is modest (a small smoker costs about a penny an hour to operate) and the work negligible—at least in the basic process I'm about to describe. But the flavor of home-smoked poultry, ham, sausages and fish is incomparable. Commercial hams have little flavor and almost no keeping qualities because they are briefly embalmed in brine and saltpeter (potassium nitrate), injected with "liquid smoke," precooked and shrouded in plastic—you can pop this insult right on the table. With minimum effort you can buy an ordinary—though good quality—cut of fresh pork or beef and make a *mensch* of it.

Different woods produce different flavors. Hickory is the most common (for pork, cheese and nuts), but lots of other hardwoods are used. For instance, a famous Kentucky farm uses sassafras to smoke hams and bacons. Applewood gives a more delicate flavor to turkeys, pheasants and capons. Alder is frequently used to smoke fish, eels, oysters, clams and shrimps. Cherry chips lend a deep, rich flavor to venison and dark-meat game birds. Out on the prairie, where wood was scarce, the sodbusters used corncobs or sawdust in their smoke ovens. Even in desperation, though, one type of wood that is never, never used is wood from pine trees or other conifers—unless you like the taste of turpentine.

Since air drying is essential before any type of smoking, I use a cheap electric fan in front of an open window. Whether you buy a small electric Little Chief smoker or an ambitious double-decker charcoal Smoke 'N Pit (I have tested both and found them very efficient), you won't get much information with them. You can actually make your own smoker out of anything from a hibachi with a tent over it to an old refrigerator, and fortunately there is a little-known but excellent book to tell you how to do it all: Jack Sleight and Raymond Hull's *Home Book of Smoke-Cooking* (Stackpole Books, $7.95). Once you set up your smoker, here's a spectacular entree to inaugurate it: smoked game hens.

Frank Perdue, that wonderful



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Harking back: A combined oven and smokehouse, circa 1880

man who gave you back unfrozen chicken, has come up with something new again: fresh, succulent baby hens, each weighing about a pound and a quarter. This recipe is for six; increase the salt and water proportionately for eight. Even if you don't plan to smoke them, the following brine bath will do them (or any poultry) a world of good.

Poultry Brine

3 qts. water; 2 cups Kosher salt; 1/2 lb. dark brown sugar; 1 tsp. pure garlic powder; 2 cups dry white wine; 2 bay leaves; 2 tbs. bruised or cracked peppercorns; 10 whole cloves.

Put the peppercorns, cloves and bay leaves into a small cheesecloth bag. Bring all the other ingredients to a boil and skim, then drop in the spice bag and chill until *absolutely* cold (heat nurtures bacteria). If you haven't a deep, narrow, stoneware crock, use a plastic bucket, a big enameled pot or anything nonmetallic, well-scrubbed and scalded. Put the washed, chilled birds in your container and pour the cold brine over them. Weight the birds down with a plate and a clean rock, or a Baggie full of water, to keep them completely immersed. Put the whole business in the fridge for three or four hours. Then remove and rinse them in cold running water; dry them well inside but only pat them lightly outside with paper towels (otherwise you'll erase their gorgeous sheen). Lay them, not touching, on the oiled rack you will use to smoke them. Air-dry them before a high-speed electric fan set (if possible) before an open window for at least 30 minutes (an hour is better to form the pellicle—the shiny protein condensation on the skin). Put them in a smoker, preheated to about 200° F., and add a pan of apple or hickory chips. Leave the smoker alone in a relatively draft-free place for three hours or more. For deeper smoke flavor and color you may want to add another pan of wood chips halfway through the process.

When the drumstick turns easily in the socket, the chick is ready to eat, even though the joints will be pinkish. This is true of all smoked meats, whether pork or poultry. But if pink bothers you, finish the birds in a preheated 350° oven for about 15 minutes, basting them every 5 minutes with melted butter to prevent drying out. They will not look quite so flawlessly plump, though, because oven heat tends to shrivel the skin a bit. Once out of the oven, let them rest in a warm place 10 minutes before serving up. But they're also good eating at room temperature, and therefore marvelous picnic food, I like them with red wine but a good bottle of champagne can't hurt.

If you can't find any of Mr. Perdue's fresh baby hens buy a fresh fat roasting chicken and brine it for 24 hours, then smoke it for 8 to 10 hours. The Little Chief electric smoker is compact, smokes up to 20 lbs. of meat, and costs $31.25 from L. L. Bean (more at other stores). The Texas-made charcoal smoker, Smoke 'N Pit (also from Bean's), costs $50 for a single unit and $75 for a double decker. ●

Final Tribute

Gone to the hogs/By Mark Goodman

I spent a fair amount of time in 1976 wrestling with the problem of whether or not to get a swine flu shot. I had no desire to participate in a killer epidemic, and I can crack a thermometer at the mention of the word flu. Hong Kong, London, Asiatic, Boogie Woogie: you name it, I've had it. I could also empathize with David Lewis, the unfortunate soldier whose death at Fort Dix, N.J., after a brutal march, precipitated the crisis last February. During basic at Fort Ord, Calif., I was required by the duty sergeant to prove my announced infirmity the night before just such a march by walking a mile and a half to the base hospital. On my arrival my temperature was 104 : rockin' pneumonia. At that I was lucky; 44 men died of meningitis at Ord that summer.

But my government was not going to let me or anyone else die of swine flu. Twenty million people around the globe had fallen in the dread epidemic of 1918–19, and President Ford's can-do administration was going to head this epidemic off fast: Horatius at the bridge, without a helmet. When Ford said that the government was going to launch a $135 million program to inoculate "every man, woman and child in the U.S.," I was impressed. I figured if this guy, who had quashed virtually every health and education bill that had strayed into the Oval Office, was going to spring for $135 million, surely I was in for a hideous porcine death if I didn't get with the program.

I was a bit disquieted by the dark whispers that the whole shebang was nothing more than an inflated political pigskin, that we were witnessing less a concerned government's desire to save mankind than the last epic battle between a Republican administration and a Democratic congress. Wise cracks like the one by Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington—"When they line 'em up for the flu shots next fall, they might have 'em vote at the same time"—did little to allay these suspicions. I also discovered that the $135 million—an ambitious sum to one of my penury— actually broke down to about 12 cents per person, whereas official estimates put the cost of mass inoculation at anywhere from 50 to 70 cents per capita. Further, by late spring, the only reported flu victims were a handful of Lewis' fellow soldiers, all of whom had recovered.

Still, President Ford remained totally committed to the program, and commissioned no fewer than four of the nation's leading pharmaceutical firms to whip up nebuchadnezzars of antiswine vaccine. That caked it; nobody could tell *me* that a mere government contract could induce an American drug company to produce something not absolutely vital to the public weal. True, we were all a little disturbed when one of the outfits, Parke-Davis, produced six million doses of the wrong vaccine through simple clerical error. But the other three didn't foul up, did they?

Less reassuring was the attitude of the drug and insurance companies toward liability should the least thing go wrong with the vaccine. We are a

WIDE WORLD

litigious nation, they declared, and litigation costs a firm a minimum of $2,500 a shot. Never mind that, while millions of Americans have been immunized by one flu vaccine or another since 1970, fewer than 25 suits have obtained (and most of those were successfully defended by the companies). Should half the U.S. population be wiped out by faulty vaccine, our insurance companies weren't about to get their butts sued off by the other half. Luckily for the project, 29 people died of the now-infamous "Legionnaire's disease" in Philadelphia. Since my daughter Elizabeth lives in Philly, I was too distraught to consider that there was surely no conceivable connection between the two maladies; I applauded heartily when the Administration—armed with dire warnings from the Public Health Service and Atlanta's Center for Disease Control—used the Legionnaire panic to prod an election-year Congress into casting aside parliamentary procedure and voting a liability bill.

So the proclamation ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, AMERICA was trumpeted across the land. President Ford did, and urged journalists covering this major medical event to do the same. A writer myself, I was all set to follow suit until I was told that only White House photographer David Kennerly had heeded Ford's appeal. By the time I finally got up the nerve again in October, the first reports of vaccination-related deaths began appearing. In all there were at least 35 victims, including Mafia boss Carlo Gambino. Jesus, I thought, if they can get Gambino with this stuff, what in hell kind of chance do I have? Down went my sleeve. Then Dr. Theodore Cooper, HEW's assistant secretary for health, decried the press' "body count" mentality, reasoning: "Someone I hear dropped dead in South Carolina after reading the inoculation consent form. Should that be attributed to the swine flu program?" Mesmerized anew by Dr. Cooper's crystalline logic, I headed for my local clinic to inure myself against the winter's onslaught of pig bacilli. I would have to hurry, though, because the program itself was coming down with a serious case of apathy. It had been noted that only five nonfatal cases of swine flu had been reported in the U.S. since the Fort Dix incident and that no other nation in the world was conducting such a program. As luck would have it, I was stopped in my tracks by the news that a number of cases of neurological paralysis, known as the Guillain-Barre syndrome, had cropped up and might or might not be linked to the swine flu vaccine.

Now I still didn't relish the idea of groveling in misery like a fevered wart hog, but old Guillain-Barre paralysis didn't sound like my cup of tea either. I resumed my journey to the inoculation center, but my pace had plainly slowed. By the time I arrived, the clinic had been closed until further notice. Now I hear a committee of experts in Atlanta recommends that the ban be lifted but no one's saying when—or if—the clinics will reopen. Catch me hanging around to find out. ●

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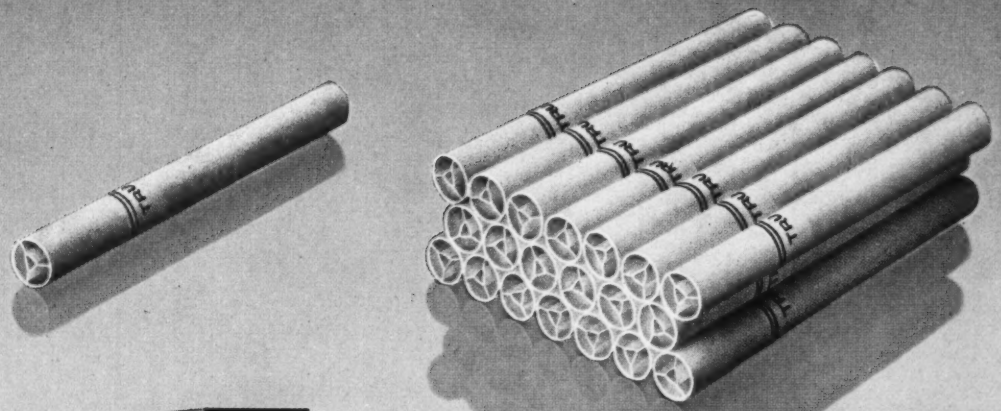

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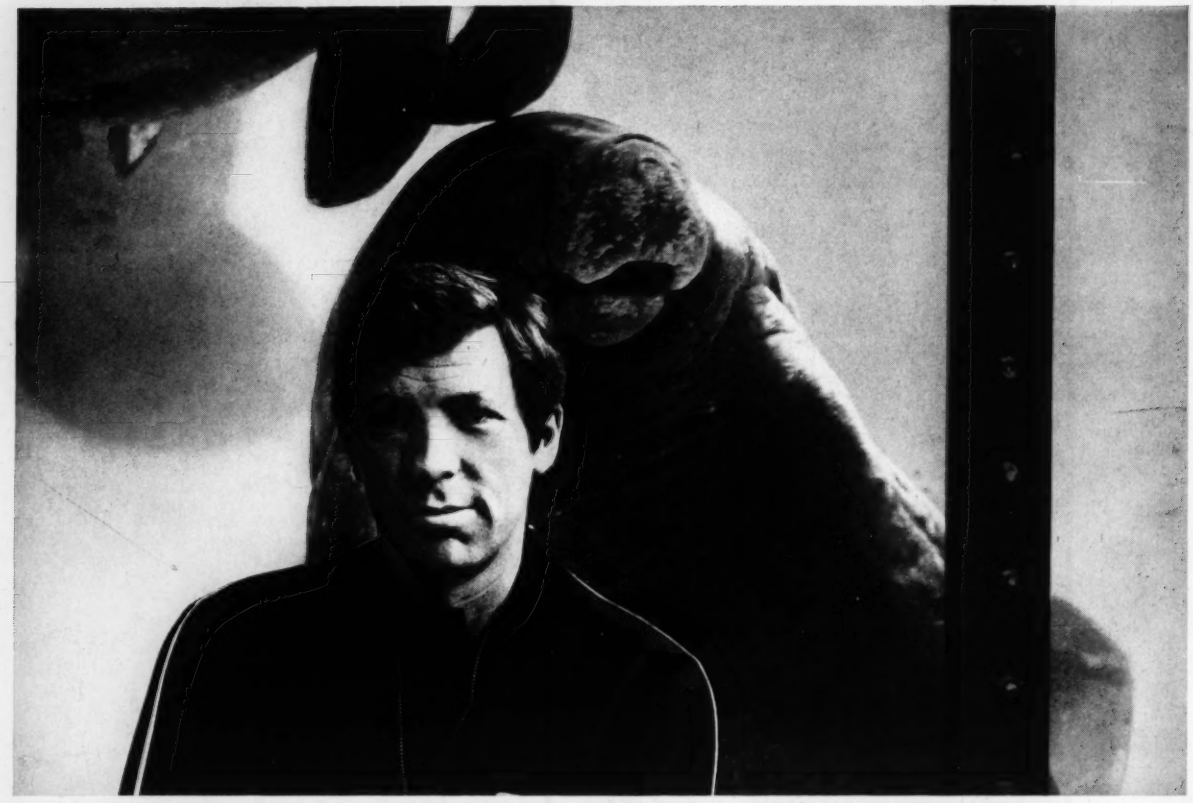

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DAVID O. HILL

HOME: New York City

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: Wildlife conservationist; international airline pilot

HOBBIES: Birdwatching, photography, chamber music.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Animal Species and Evolution" by Ernst Mayr

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded Rare Animal Relief Effort, Inc. ("RARE"), a nonprofit, volunteer-run organization devoted to aiding endangered wildlife worldwide.

QUOTE: "The accelerating rate of extinctions would indicate a failure of the life-support systems upon which man and all living creatures depend. The preservation of species is, therefore, a necessary step in securing our own survival."

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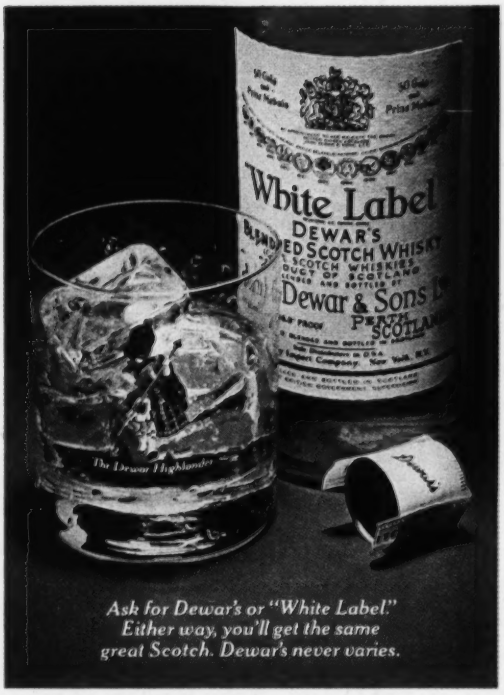
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